★ Sept. 4, 1954

THE NEW YORKER

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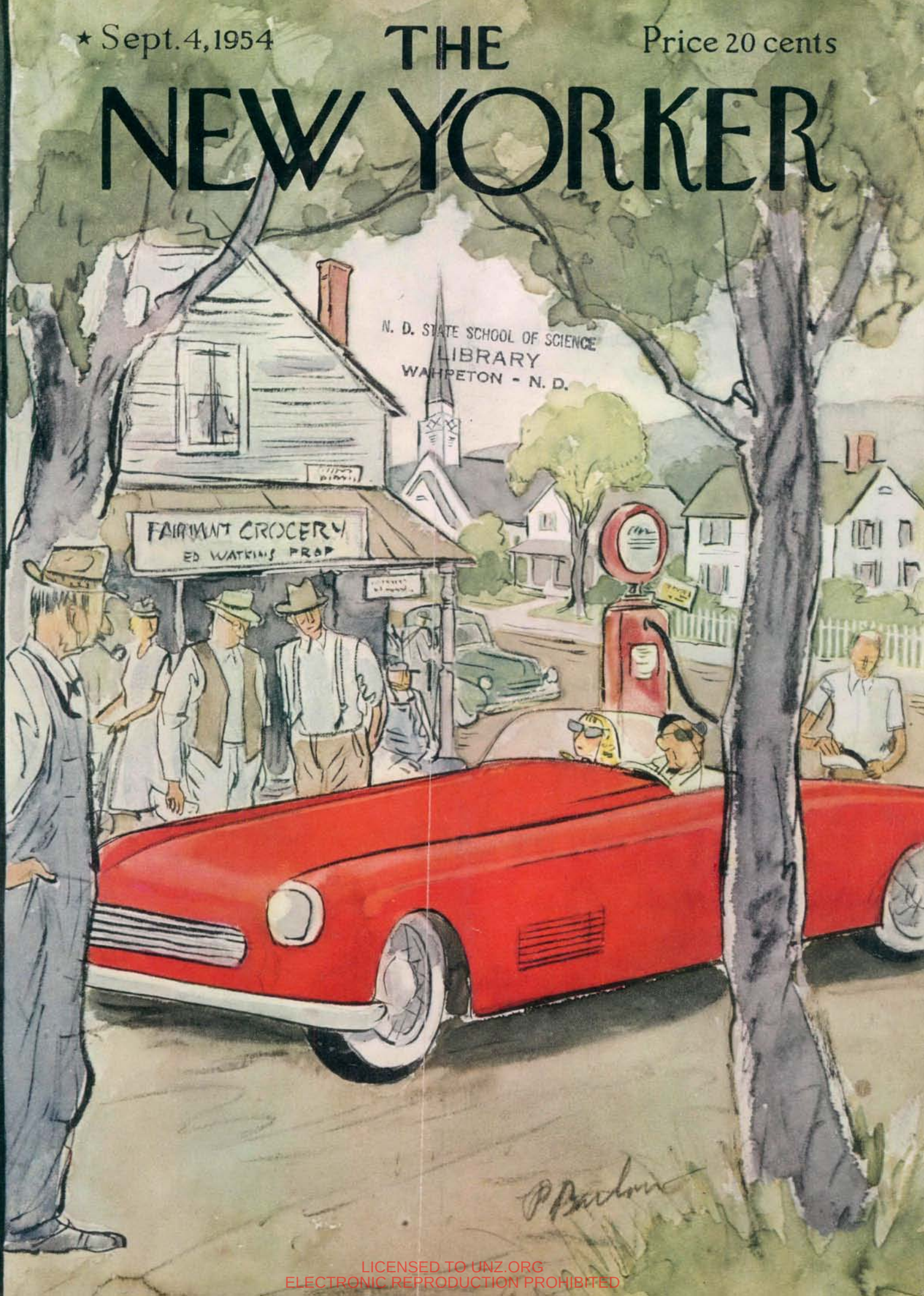

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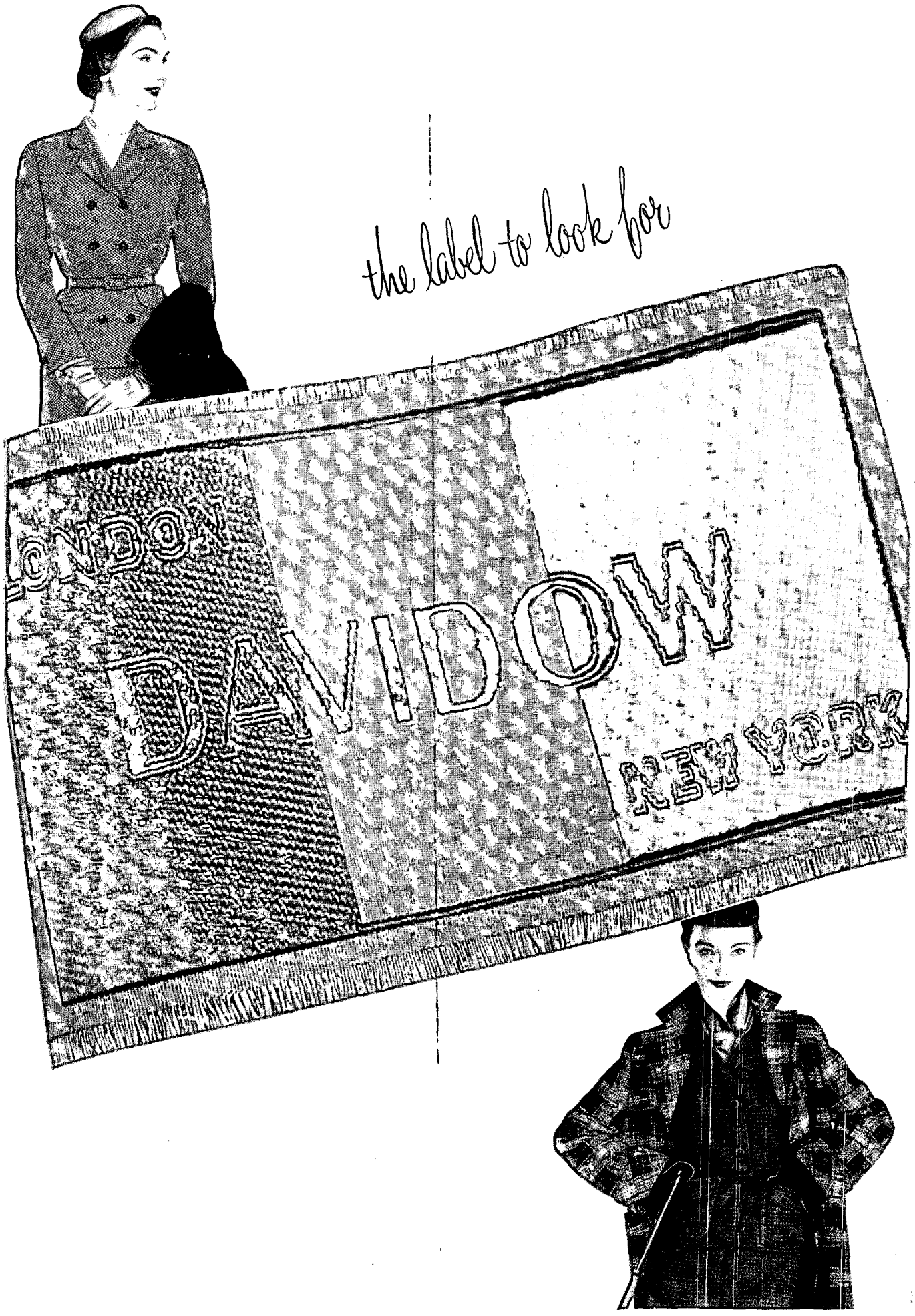

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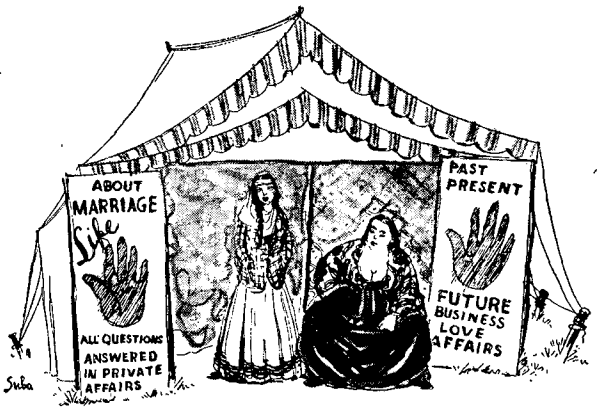

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

(Next week, some theatres, as indicated below, will rearrange their schedules because of Labor Day, Sept. 6. There may be further changes, so it would be wise to check with the newspapers before making plans. . . . ¶ E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Anniversary Waltz—A comedy by Jerome Chodorov and Joseph Fields that worries some elementary humor out of the perplexities of a couple who lived together before getting married and whose children find out about it. Kitty Carlisle and Macdonald Carey do their best with rather thin material. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Labor Day and Tuesday, Sept. 7, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays, except Sept. 8, and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinées Sunday, Sept. 5, and Labor Day.)

The Caine Mutiny Court Martial—Lloyd Nolan is magnificent as Queeg, and John Hodiak is very good indeed as the defendant in this exciting dramatization of a section of Herman Wouk's novel. Charles Laughton directed the exemplary company, in which Barry Sullivan appears as the defense counsel. (*Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays, except Sept. 8, and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Labor Day.*)

King of Hearts—Jean Kerr's and Eleanor Brooke's comedy about a self-entranced comic-strip artist hasn't any plot worth mentioning, but most of the humor is highly successful. The cast is headed by Donald Cook, Cloris Leachman, and Jackie Cooper. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. LU 2-3897. Nightly, except Labor Day and Tuesday, Sept. 7, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except Sept. 8, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinées Sunday, Sept. 5, and Labor Day.)

Oh, Men! Oh, Women!—A merry account, by Edward Chodorov, of the misadventures of a psychoanalyst who gets just a bit too involved in the lives of his patients. At present, Lloyd Bridges is the analyst, and Betsy von Furstenberg, Tony Randall, and Larry Blyden help keep things thoroughly confused. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays, except Sept. 9, and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Labor Day.)

Long Runs—the fifth season: Reopens Sunday afternoon, Sept. 5, after a ten-week vacation, with Chester Morris and Joseph Buloff taking over the leading roles. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.) . . . **the seven year itch:** George Axelrod's comedy about a man who gets into the usual difficulties with sex when his wife goes away for the summer. Elliott Nugent currently is the hero, and the ladies in his life are Sally Forrest and Neva Patterson. (Fulton, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays, except Sept. 8, and Saturdays at *2:30; special matinée Labor* Day.) . . . **the solid gold cadillac:** A comedy by George S. Kaufman and Howard Teichmann that has to do with the strange vagaries of the world of high finance. Josephine Hull, who has had a shocking string of bad luck, is again out of the cast, but Loring Smith and a number of other talented performers are still on hand. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Labor Day, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **tea and sympathy:** A play about the woes of an adolescent suspected of homosexuality while in residence at a prep school. Now with Joan Fontaine and Anthony Perkins. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays and Labor Day, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Labor Day.) . . . **the teahouse of the august moon:** John Patrick's adaptation of Vern Sneider's novel about the Americanization of Okinawa. David Wayne and John Forsythe are representatives of the warring cultures, and they are seconded by Paul Ford, Larry Gates, William Hansen, and Mariko Niki. (*Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.*)

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MUSICALS

By the Beautiful Sea—The chief virtue of this musical account of Coney Island in the early years of the century is the presence of Shirley Booth, who is helped along by Wilbur Evans and Mae Barnes. Unfortunately, the book, by Herbert and Dorothy Fields, isn't of much use, and Arthur Schwartz's music is hardly memorable. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except Sept. 8, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Labor Day.)

The Pajama Game—Love and union troubles in a pajama factory. It all adds up to what is certainly the season's best musical. Book by George Abbott and Richard Bissell, music and lyrics by Richard Adler and Jerry Ross, and direction by Mr. Abbott. John Raitt, Janis Paige, Eddie Foy, Jr., and Carol Haney are among the principal figures. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—can-can: A glimpse of nineteenth-century Montmartre, set to Cole Porter's music. With Lilo, Gwen Verdon, and Norwood Smith. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except Sept. 8, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Labor Day.) . . . **comedy in music:** Victor Borge in a one-man show. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Labor Day and Tuesday, Sept. 7, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays, except Sept. 8, and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinées Sunday, Sept. 5, and Labor Day.) . . . **kismet:** An item derived from the comedy-melodrama that Edward Knoblock put together in 1911, with music adapted from the work of Alexander Borodin. Alfred Drake is a vagabond poet and Doretta Morrow his daughter. (Ziegfeld, Sixth Ave. at 54th St. CI 5-5200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except Sept 8, and *Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Labor* Day.)

OFF BROADWAY

Cherry Lane Theatre—Punch Opera's presentation of "Aunt Caroline's Will," a French comic opera by Albert Roussel, with an English libretto by Milton Feist. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CH 2-9583. Nightly at 8:30. Closes Saturday, Sept. 4.)

Provincetown Playhouse—"The Cretan Woman," a play by Robinson Jeffers, with Jacqueline Brookes and Charles Aidman. (*Provincetown Playhouse, 133 Macdougal* St. GR 7-9894. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:45. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:45. Closes Sunday, Sept. 26.)

BALLET

New York City Ballet—Tentative schedule—Thursday evening, Sept. 2: "Serenade," "Age of Anxiety," "Pas de Trois," and "Fanfare." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Sept. 3: "Interplay," "Scotch Symphony," "Afternoon of a Faun," and "Bourrée Fantasque." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Sept. 4: "Serenade," "Filling Station," "Pas de Trois," and "Fanfare." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Sept. 4: "Interplay," "Sylvia: Pas de Deux," "Age of Anxiety," and "Symphony in C." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, Sept. 5: "The Duel," "Swan Lake," "A la Françaix," and "Cakewalk." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, Sept. 5: "Firebird," "Filling Station," "The Cage," and "Fanfare." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Sept. 7: "Con Amore," "Western Symphony" (première), "Afternoon of a Faun," and "Fanfare." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Sept. 8: "Swan Lake," "A la Françaix," "Orpheus," and "La Valse." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Sept. 9: "Firebird," "The Cage," "Sylvia: Pas de Deux," and "Cakewalk." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Sept. 10: "Con Amore," "The Cage," "Harlequinade," and "Cakewalk." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Sept. 11: "The Duel," "Swan

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Lake," "A la Françaix," and "Pied Piper." ...¶Saturday evening, Sept. 11: "Serenade," "Filling Station," "Pas de Trois," and "Bourrée Fantasque." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Evenings at 8:30. Matinées at 2:30. Through Sunday, Sept. 26.)

MISCELLANY

Jones Beach Marine Theatre—A big blowout, engineered by Guy Lombardo, called "Arabian Nights." The title gives some idea of the nature, if not the extent, of the commotion. With Lauritz Melchior, Helena Scott, Ralph Herbert, and Mia Slavenska. (Nightly at 8:30; through Saturday, Sept. 11. For tickets, call CO 5-7587.)

THE SUMMER CIRCUIT

(A more or less arbitrary listing of summer theatres and their program schedules. Dates and billings are subject to frequent revision.)

Andover—Through Saturday, Sept. 4: John Carradine in "Tobacco Road." Monday through Saturday, Sept. 6-11: To be announced. (Grist Mill Playhouse, Andover, N.J. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30.)

Chatham—Through Saturday, Sept. 4 (final performances of the season): "The Moon Is Blue." (Monomoy Theatre, Chatham, Mass. Nightly at 8:30. Matinée Thursday at 2:30.)

Clinton—Through Saturday, Sept. 4 (final performances of the season): "The First Year." (Clinton Playhouse, Clinton, Conn. Nightly at 8:40. Matinée Friday at 2:40.)

Cohasset—Through Saturday, Sept. 4 (final performances of the season): "Paint Your Wagon." (South Shore Music Circus, Cohasset, Mass. Nightly at 8:30.)

Coonamessett—Through Saturday, Sept. 4 (final performances of the season): Gloria Vanderbilt in "The Swan." (Falmouth Playhouse, Coonamessett, Mass. Nightly at 8:30. Matinée Thursday at 2:30.)

Corning—Through Saturday, Sept. 4: "Private Lives." Monday through Saturday, Sept. 6-11 (final performances of the season): "Wish You Were Here." (Corning Summer Theatre, Corning Glass Center, Corning, N.Y. Nightly, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30.)

Dennis—Through Saturday, Sept. 4 (final performances of the season): Joe E. Brown in "The Show-Off." (Cape Playhouse, Dennis, Mass. Nightly at 8:30.)

East Hampton—Through Saturday, Sept. 4 (final performances of the season): Arthur Treacher in "On Approval." (John Drew Theatre, East Hampton, L.I. Nightly at 8:40.)

Fishkill—Through Sunday, Sept. 5 (final performances of the season): "Strictly French," a revue. (Cecilwood Theatre, Fishkill, N.Y. Nightly at 8:35. Matinée Thursday at 2:30.)

Fitchburg—Through Saturday, Sept. 4: "Separate Rooms." Monday through Saturday, Sept. 6-11: "When Husbands Meet." (Lake Whalom Playhouse, Fitchburg, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:20. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:20.)

Hyannis—Through Saturday, Sept. 4 (final performances of the season): "High Button Shoes." (Cape Cod Melody Tent, Hyannis, Mass. Nightly at 8:30. Matinée Thursday at 2:30.)

Ivoryton—Through Saturday, Sept. 4 (final performances of the season): Ethel Waters in "Mamba's Daughters." (Ivoryton Playhouse, Ivoryton, Conn. Nightly at 8:45. Matinée Saturday at 2:30.)

Lambertville—Through Sunday, Sept. 5: "Wish You Were Here." Starting Tuesday, Sept. 7: "Oklahoma!" (Lambertville Music Circus, Lambertville, N.J. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30.)

Mahopac—Through Sunday, Sept. 5: "The Fourposter." Tuesday through Sunday, Sept. 7-12 (final performances of the season): To be announced. (Putnam County Playhouse, Mahopac, N.Y. Nightly, except Monday, at 8:40.)

Marblehead—Through Saturday, Sept. 4: Steve Cochran in "Heaven Can Wait." Monday

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through Saturday, Sept. 6-11: To be announced. (Marblehead Summer Theatre, Marblehead, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Fridays at 2:15.)

Matunuck—Through Saturday, Sept. 4 (final performances of the season): Uta Hagen and Herbert Berghof in "Michael and Lavinia," a new play. (Theatre-by-the-Sea, Matunuck, R.I. Nightly at 8:40. Matinée Saturday at 2:40.)

Mountainhome—Through Saturday, Sept. 4: "The Other Devil," a new comedy. Monday through Saturday, Sept. 6-11: Edward Everett Horton in "The White Sheep of the Family," a new comedy. (Pocono Playhouse, Mountainhome, Pa. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Mount Kisco—Through Sunday, Sept. 5 (final performances of the season): "The Fourposter." (Westchester Playhouse, Mount Kisco, N.Y. Thursday through Saturday at 8:40, and Sunday at 7:30.)

Moylan—Thursday, Sept. 2: "Unfinished Portrait." Friday, Sept. 3: "Ring Round the Moon." Saturday, Sept. 4: "The Emperor Jones." Monday, Sept. 6: "The Physician in Spite of Himself." Friday and Saturday, Sept. 10-11: "Unfinished Portrait." (Hedgerow Theatre, Moylan, Pa. Evenings at 8:30.)

New Hope—Through Saturday, Sept. 4: "The Champagne Complex," a new three-character comedy, by Leslie Stevens. Monday through Saturday, Sept. 6-11: Constance Bennett in "Sabrina Fair." (Bucks County Playhouse, New Hope, Pa. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Newport—Through Saturday, Sept. 4 (final performances of the season): "The Boys from Syracuse." (Casino Theatre, Newport, R.I. Nightly at 8:30. Matinée Saturday at 2:30.)

Norwich—Through Saturday, Sept. 4 (final performances of the season): Victor Jory and Barbara Britton in "Born Yesterday." (Norwich Summer Theatre, Norwich, Conn. Nightly at 8:30. Matinée Saturday at 2:30.)

Ogunquit—Through Saturday, Sept. 4: Tallulah Bankhead in "Dear Charles." Monday through Saturday, Sept. 6-11 (final performances of the season): Joe E. Brown in "The Show-Off." (Ogunquit Playhouse, Ogunquit, Maine. Nightly, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesday and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Provincetown—Through Labor Day (final performances of the season): "When We Are Married." (Provincetown Playhouse, Provincetown, Mass. Nightly at 8:30.)

Saratoga Springs—Through Saturday, Sept. 4 (final performances of the season): Estelle Winwood in "Pygmalion." (Spa Summer Theatre, Saratoga Springs, N.Y. Nightly at 8:30. Matinée Saturday at 2:30.)

Sea Cliff—Through Saturday, Sept. 4 (final performances of the season): Constance Bennett in "Sabrina Fair." (Sea Cliff Summer Theatre, Sea Cliff, L.I. Nightly at 8:40. Matinées Thursday and Saturday at 2:30.)

Skowhegan—Through Saturday, Sept. 4: ZaSu Pitts in "Miss Private Eye," a new comedy by George Batson. Monday through Saturday, Sept. 6-11 (final performances of the season): "Bachelor's Honeymoon." (Lakewood Theatre, Skowhegan, Maine. Nightly, except Sunday, at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Spring Lake—Through Saturday, Sept. 4 (final performances of the season): Fay Bainter and William Prince in "Put Them All Together," a new comedy. (Ivy Tower Playhouse, Spring Lake, N.J. Nightly at 8:45.)

Stockbridge—Through Saturday, Sept. 4: "Three's a Family." Monday through Saturday, Sept. 6-11 (final performances of the season): "A Dash of Bitters." (Berkshire Playhouse, Stockbridge, Mass. Nightly, except Sunday, at 8:45. Matinées Wednesday and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Wallingford—Through Sunday, Sept. 5: Jack Gilford in "Where's Charley?" Tuesday through Sunday, Sept. 7-12: Stephen Douglass and Jo Sullivan in "Carousel." (Oakdale Musical Theatre, Wallingford, Conn. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 9:30; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 5.)

Westport—Through Saturday, Sept. 4 (final performances of the season): Peggy Ann Garner and Glenda Farrell in "Home Is the Hero," a new play by Walter Macken, who also appears in the production. (Westport Country Playhouse, Westport, Conn. Nightly at 8:40. Matinée Friday at 2:40.)

Woodstock—Through Sunday, Sept. 5 (final performances of the season): "The Last Tycoon," a new dramatization of the Fitzgerald novel. (Woodstock Playhouse, Woodstock, N.Y. Nightly at 8:40.)

Note—The Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival will present the American Mime Theatre, Harriette Ann Gray and her company, and Ram Gopal in this season's final programs of ballet and modern and ethnic dancing. (Lee, Mass. Friday and Saturday, Sept. 3-4, at 4 and 9.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places at which you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Biltmore, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000)—Gleb Yellin's instrumentalists play waterhole music in an oasis called the Palm Court every day but Sunday at the cocktail hour, and from seven to nine in the Madison Room weekdays, except Friday, Sept. 3, and Labor Day. No dancing in either place.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—This museum of natural history will again be open to the public as of Wednesday, Sept. 8. The management has gone to great expense to present rare specimens of Manhattan Mammalia in accurate reproductions of their habitat, and visitors are requested not to handle any of the exhibits. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band perform for dancing.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—Stanley Worth's quartet, or a reasonable facsimile, makes music for cocktail, dinner, and supper dancing every evening in the Café Pierre.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—The Rendez-Vous Room, much favored by admirers of the art of dining and dancing in state, has Maximillian Bergere's and Nicolas Matthey's orchestras after eight-thirty. Closed Sunday, Sept. 5.

Roosevelt, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—The Grill is a safe place to take Mother and the girls, for the dance bands, as always, are in low gear. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The Roof is Mount Olympus in its most social aspect. The nightly Olympiad includes such modern contests as the waltz and the samba, done to the dance music of Milt Shaw's and Ray Bari's small but energetic groups. The Roof will be closed Sunday, Sept. 5, and Labor Day, and will close for the season on Wednesday, Sept. 8. Next evening, Constance Moore, one of the most aware ladies of Hollywood, will start singing in the

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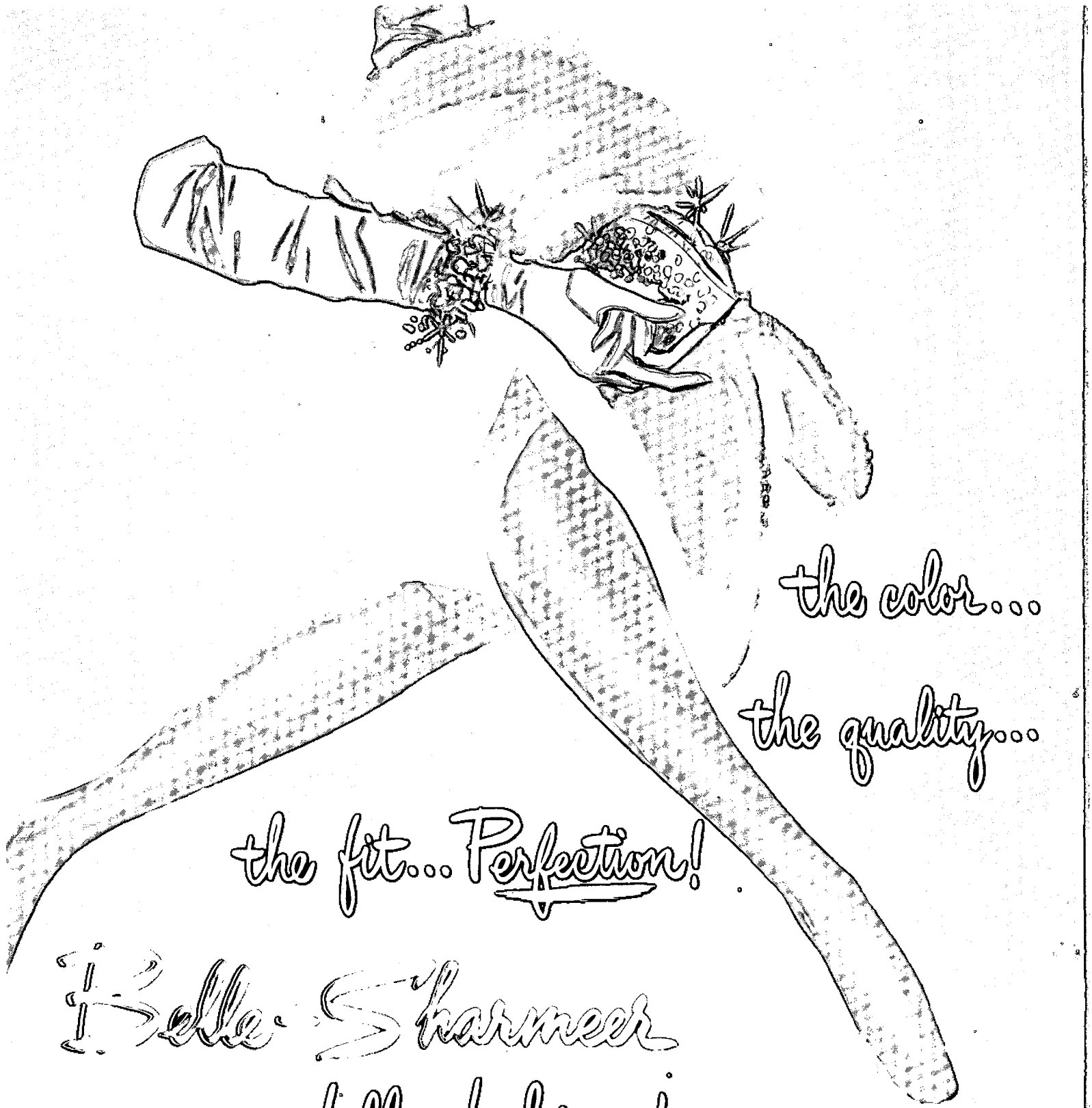

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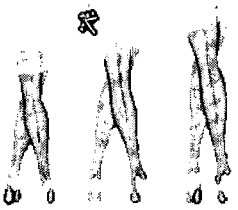

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Maisonette, which also will be closed Sundays.

SAVOY-PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—Every day, Irving Conn's cohorts play in the Café Lounge for dinner and supper, not to mention tea dancing.

STATLER, 7th Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000)—The Café Rouge reopens on Friday, Sept. 10, with music by the combined forces of Tommy and Jimmy Dorsey. Closed Sundays.

STORK CLUB, 3 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1940)—Basket parties discouraged; children welcome. Payson Ré's orchestra and a rumba band play for dancing.

TAVERN-ON-THE-GREEN, Central Park W. at 67th St. (SC 4-8100)—Dame Nature, or one of her feathered friends, is quite likely to come sit in your lap on the open-air terrace of this ancient barracks. Dancing after eight on weekdays and after seven on Sundays, and greenery at all hours.

VERSAILLES, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310)—Irwin Corey plays a very special word game with his audience. He is the major occupant and wit of the local George White extravaganza. There is further lusty merriment by Fay DeWitt and Lou Nelson, and some fine, upstanding chorus girls are around to gladden the eye. As for the plot, the cast has had to curl up with a not very good book. Panchito's band and Salvatore Gioë's orchestra for dancing after nine.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Betty Clooney, sister of the noted Rosemary, has been equipped (if that is the word) with a trip-hammer, this-should-lay-them-in-the-aisles mishmash of songs. It is hard to figure out what this pleasant little girl is doing in such company. Henry King's orchestra plays music that is sweet and low and yet perfect for dancing, and the three Andreas do a period-piece circus dance act with loving care and skill. They're all on the dim and beautiful Starlight Roof. Closed Sundays.

NOTE—The Rainbow Room, which is fairly far above the madding crowd, affords (from the best tables) a view of Tin Pan Alley, the Paramount clock, the Weehawken ferry house, the Edison Company plants, and other highlights of our brave new world. It's open for cocktails from four-thirty to nine. Languid music (not for dancing) bubbles up now and then, and not a single taxi horn is heard. The address: 30 Rockefeller Plaza. The phone: CI 6-5800. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

LITTLE CLUB, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): The gathering place of the playboys of the Western world. Weekdays there's piano at dinner, and at supper Norbert Faconi, dean of prowler violinists, prowls. Sundays at supper-time, Bud Gregg is the keyboard operator.... WEYLIN ROOM, 40 E. 54th St. (PL 3-9100): A relaxed, elegant alcove where, from six to eight and from ten to two, Cy Walter does his light, fantastic tricks on his Steinway. No music Sundays.... DRAKE ROOM, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): Addison Bailey devises bland piano music in this thoroughly upholstered manse for dinner and after the theatre, except Sundays.... LE COQ ROUGE, 65 E. 56th St. (PL 3-8887): Eddie Davis, a landmark two times over, once more is manipulating his violin and his small dance band. Closed Saturday, Sept. 4, through Labor Day, and thereafter on Sundays.... ARMANDO'S, 54 E. 55th St. (PL 3-0760): A piano-and-violin obbligato, after ten, to a cascade of conversation by long-lease habitués. Closed Saturday, Sept. 4, through Labor Day, and thereafter on Sundays.... EL CHICO, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): The Spanish fandangos dished up here are all mild but all real, which is something of a novelty nowadays. Dancing. Closed Sundays and Labor Day.... CAFÉ NINO, 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-9014): Flanked by some remarkably active interior decorating, Herman Arminski plays European-style piano from cocktails through supper. On Tuesday, Sept. 7, Rudy Timfield will be taking over the dinner and supper sessions. Closed Saturdays, Sundays, and Labor Day.... CHAMPAGNE GALLERY, 135 Macdougal St. (GR 7-9221): Anyone not out in the kitchen making fudge in this homestead of gregarious youth is apt to bob up onstage singing along with the pianist.

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SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Reopens Thursday, Sept. 9, with Martha Davis and Spouse (Calvin Ponder, that is) still playing and singing their beguiling, if rantipole, ditties. Also on deck will be Jimmie Komack, a fountainhead of rhymed words of wisdom and what passes for it; Charlotte Rae, a parodist who plays absolutely no favorites; the mood music of Jimmy Lyons' trio; and the quietly eloquent piano of Bart Howard.... ¶ The late late show (2 to 4 A.M.) by the Davis-Ponder family, in the lounge every night but Saturday, is completely unrestrained.... LE RUBAN BLEU, 4 E. 56th St. (PL 3-6426): The usual happy Ruban Bleu family will be back in town on Thursday, Sept. 9—Lee Goodman's offbeat wit, June Ericson's blithe words and music, the part singing of Terry and the Macs, and the comic remarks of Alan Carrier, the most recent blessed event. As always, Julius Monk will be *conférencier* and mentor; the incomparable Norman Paris trio will be the background. Closed Sundays.... VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Little Robert Clary is only twelve full ounces of Gallic pinpoint carbonation, but that's a lot. His songs, dances, and funny sayings are the life of the party in this informal cellar. Ada Moore contributes a few real hot-shot chansons. Clarence Williams' trio, with Carl Lynch on guitar, plays for dancing. Closed Sunday through Tuesday, Sept. 5-7. Thereafter closed Mondays.... ONE FIFTH AVENUE, Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): Clara Cedrone, an amiable scatterbrain, chirps away every evening but Sunday, when she's replaced by antique movies. Bob Downey and Harold Fonville play vigorous double piano, and Hazel Webster will be returning to action on the same instrument Labor Day.... BYLINE ROOM, 137 E. 52nd St. (EL 5-8324): The problems of contemporary love life—its care, its feeding, and its prevention—are given a sympathetic hearing by Mabel Mercer. Sam Hamilton is at the piano. Closed Sundays. This tiny inglenook is above the often rampageous ground-floor Show Spot Lounge, where, except Sundays, Laurie Brewis offers up a soothing and knowing pianoforte recital.... BON SOIR, 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): Will reopen on Friday, Sept. 10, with the customary Devil-take-the-hindmost steeplechase, involving Mae Barnes' thunderclap ballads, Tony and Eddie's brash pantomiming of recording artists, Ceil Cabot's ventures into utter nonsense, Jimmie Daniels' jaunty singing, Norene Tate's piano and songs, and Bruce Kirby's deadpan clowning. Closed Mondays.... JORIE'S PLAYGOERS CLUB, Sixth Ave. at 51st St. (CI 5-9465): Sixth Avenue is pretty far west for Left Bankers, but nevertheless here is Jorie Remes, late of the Parisian *boîtes*, and her *outré* comedy, all of it in perfectly plain English. Closed Sundays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(Open later than most places, and no dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 5-8639): A group of hardy perennials making their favorite noise, which is loud, pristine, and fun. Wild Bill Davison, Cutty Cutshall, Gene Schroeder, Cliff Leeman, Edmond Hall, Walter Page, and once in a while even Mr. Condon, whose vocals are all sotto-voce and tableside, are responsible. In between, Ralph Sutton knocks off some solo piano. On Tuesdays, visiting tooters compound the fracture. Closed Sundays.... THE EMBERS, 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): Of the several brands of music for moderns available around town, the chef's specials here are probably the most comprehensible. Right now, George Shearing, whose piano arabesques are second to none, is alternately soloist, head of a trio, and head of a quintet (Al McKibbon and John Thielmans are among his followers), and Don Shirley, whose piano has ingenious Chopin overtones, is musing away with the aid of a bass player. They tee off at nine-thirty. Ronnie Selby plays good, solid piano at dinner-time. Closed Sundays.... BASIN STREET, Broadway at 51st St. (PL 7-3728): A vast cave dwelling of jazz devotees, presently given over to a huge revivalist meeting conducted by Louis Armstrong, one of the sturdiest of the old Mississippi steamboats. His band (Barney Bigard, Trummy Young, Billy Kyle, Arvell Shaw, and Barrett Deems, plus words by Velma Middleton) and Lee Konitz's bright young men alternate on the stand. The meeting ends on Sunday, Sept. 5. Closed Mondays. On Tuesday, Sept. 7, an important retrospective show of American music moves in—Jack Teagarden, one of the great traditionalists, his songs, and his All-Stars; Johnny Hodges' progressive sextet; and Gerry Mulligan's vanguardist quartet.... NICK'S, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Phil Napoleon's minions are yocking it up here. Jam sessions on Sunday afternoons. Closed Mondays.... JIMMY RYAN'S, 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9600): Wilbur de Paris's band, which includes Omer Simeon, Sidney de Paris, and Eddie Gibbs, is carrying the torch for Dixieland as it was in the beginning. Don Frye is the solo pianist. Jam sessions Monday nights. Closed Sundays, except Sept. 5.... BIRDLAND, 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-1368): A Casbah in whose winding streets and involuted tone patterns the uninitiate can sometimes lose track of things. The songs of Dinah Washington have a definite message; the music of Dizzy Gillespie's and Charlie Parker's boys requires some collateral reading between the lines. Outside technicians turn up in quantity for the jam sessions, which are held on Mondays.... HICKORY HOUSE, 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Edna Corbett, a little bit of a girl, does fine, up-to-date piano within the circular bar after nine every evening but Monday. She's backed up by a two-man rhythm section, and occasionally by an ad-lib chorus from Randy Hall's tin whistle.... STUYVESANT CASINO, 140 Second Ave., at 9th St. (GR 3-9742): On Friday and Saturday, Sept. 3-4, the cats (mostly Kilkenny) on parade should include Bobby Hackett, Buck Clayton, Max Kaminsky, Pee Wee Russell, Tony Parenti,

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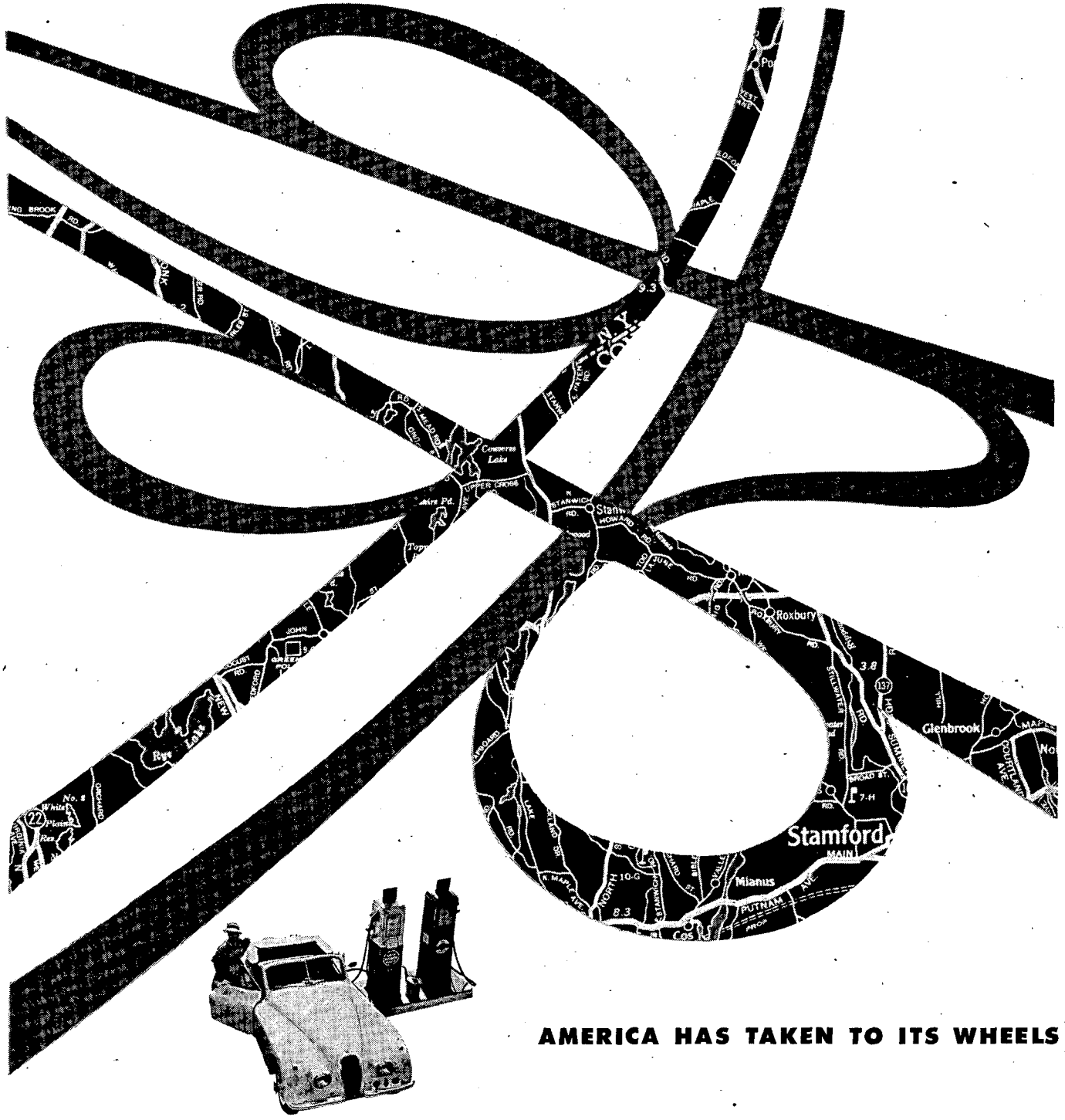

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

George Wettling, Zutty Singleton, Joe Sullivan, Sammy Price, and Jimmy Rushing. Dancing. . . . CENTRAL PLAZA, 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): On Friday and Saturday, Sept. 3-4, it is promised, there will be a battle royal between the Conrad Janis tailgaters, Roy Eldridge, Cecil Scott, Jimmy Archey, Freddie Moore, Art Trappier, and Willie the Lion Smith.

DINNER IN THE COUNTRY

(Places to dine while out motoring. Telephoning ahead is always wise; a few places insist on it. No dancing, unless noted.)

BANKSVILLE, N.Y.: La Crémaillère (Bedford Village 4-3306); closed Mondays, except Labor Day, and Tuesday, Sept. 7. . . . BETHPAGE, L.I.: Beau Sejour (HIcksville 3-0091); closed Tuesdays. . . . CLOSTER, N.J.: Nolan's Closter Manor (Closter 5-3012). . . . CONGERS, N.Y.: Jean's (Congers 8-6178); closed Mondays, except Labor Day. . . . DANBURY, CONN.: White Turkey Inn (Danbury 3-2726). . . . EAST NORWICH, L.I.: Rothmann's Inn (OYster Bay 6-0266). . . . FISHKILL, N.Y.: Boni's Inn (Beacon 9-7394). . . . ¶ Gertrude Hart's (Beacon 9-7384). . . . GARRISON, N.Y.: Bird and Bottle (Garrison 4-3342); closed Tuesdays. . . . GLENWOOD LANDING, L.I.: Swan Club (ROslyn 3-0037); music nightly and dancing on Friday and Saturday evenings. . . . HARTSDALE, N.Y.: Tordo's (WHite Plains 8-0597). . . . LAKE SUCCESS, L.I.: André; formerly Mori's (HUnter 2-7717). . . . NORWALK, CONN.: Silvermine Tavern (Volunteer 6-2588). . . . PORT WASHINGTON, L.I.: Nino's Continental (POrt Washington 7-1604); dancing every evening except Tuesday, Sept. 7. . . . ¶ Riviera (POrt Washington 7-6500); dancing every evening except Tuesday, Sept. 7. . . . POUND RIDGE, N.Y.: Emily Shaw's Inn (Pound Ridge 4-8873); closed Mondays, except Labor Day, and Tuesday, Sept. 7. . . . RIDGEFIELD, CONN.: Stonehenge (Ridgefield 6-6511). . . . ¶ Fox Hill, on Route 7 between Ridgefield and Danbury (Ridgefield 6-7628). . . . ROSLYN, L.I.: Blue Spruce Inn (ROslyn 3-3300); closed Mondays. . . . SMITHTOWN, L.I.: Frank Friede's Riverside Inn (Smithtown 2-1016); closed Tuesdays. . . . ¶ Mont d'Or Inn (Smithtown 2-1997); closed Mondays, except Labor Day, and Wednesday, Sept. 8. . . . SOUTH HUNTINGTON, L.I.: Round Hill (Huntington 4-1371); closed Mondays, except Labor Day. . . . SYOSSET, L.I.: Villa Victor (SYosset 6-3886). . . . TARRYTOWN, N.Y.: Tappan Hill (TArrytown 4-3030); dancing on Friday and Saturday evenings. . . . WESTBURY, L.I.: Westbury Manor (WEstbury 7-2184); piano every evening except Sunday. . . . WESTPORT, CONN.: Red Barn (Capitol 7-6204).

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

AMERICANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the BABCOCK, 38 E. 57th St.: A summer exhibit of oils and water colors by Winslow Homer, Henry Botkin, and a score of others; through Friday, Sept. 3. . . . CONTEMPORARY ARTS, 106 E. 57th St.: Oils by Edward Betts and Stephen Czoka, and sculptures by Boris Kagan and Nancy Dryfoos are some of the items in a mixed-mediums show by thirty-seven contemporaries; through Sept. 13. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5:30; Monday evenings, 8:30 to 10:30. Closed Labor Day.) . . . CRESPI, 205 E. 58th St.: Almost every type of work, from oils and sculptures to artists' portfolios, in styles varying from the classic to the non-objective; through Friday, Sept. 10. (Mondays through Fridays, 3 to 8.) . . . KRAUSHAAR, 32 E. 57th St.: Gifford Beal, John Koch, and Tom Hardy are three of the artists represented by early and recent oils, gouaches, and sculptures; through Friday, Sept. 10. (Closed Labor Day.) . . . ROSENBERG, 20 E. 79th St.: Canvases by Abraham Rattner, Karl Knaths, and Marsden Hartley; through Sept. 30. (Closed Labor Day.) . . . BERTHA SCHAEFER, 32 E. 57th St.: "Fact and Fantasy '54," consisting of paintings and sculptures by the gallery's group, which includes Balcomb Green,

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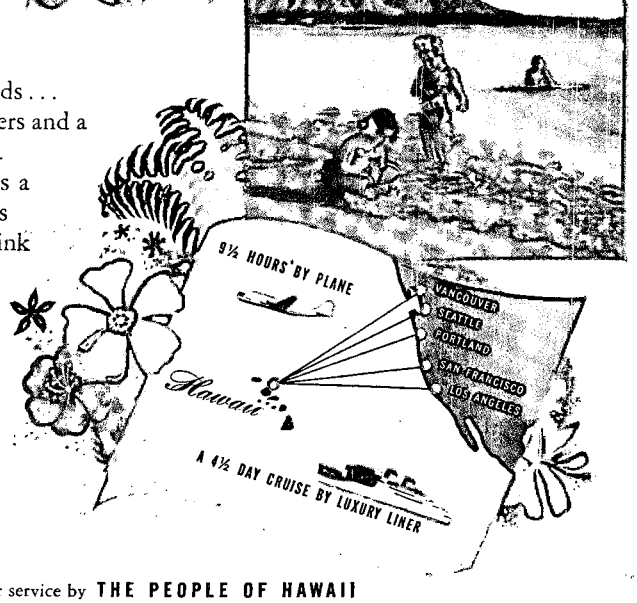

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Will Barnet, and Robert Cronbach; through Friday, Sept. 10. (Closed Labor Day.)

AMERICANS AND EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOW—Malcom Case, René Demianoff, and many other artists; through Sunday, Sept. 5. (Village Art Center, 44 W. 11th St. Daily, except Labor Day, 1 to 6 and 8 to 10.)

FRENCH; GROUP SHOW—The first show in an old gallery's new home comprises oils by such modern French painters as Picasso, Braque, and Rouault; through Oct. 2. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Labor Day.)

NOTE—The semiannual Washington Square Outdoor Art Exhibit will be on view daily, from noon until dark, starting Friday, Sept. 10, and continuing through Sunday, Oct. 3.

MUSEUMS

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—No special art exhibitions right now; just the permanent collections. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Labor Day, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—Traditional Japanese calligraphy used as a point of departure for forty examples of abstract Japanese pen-and-ink drawings on exhibit for the first time in this country; through Sept. 19. . . . ¶ Prints in color and black-and-white by Paul Klee, ranging from his early allegoric themes of 1903 to some of his last etchings, done in 1931 and 1932; through Sept. 19. . . . ¶ A hundred prints by twentieth-century North and South American artists, including John Marin, George Bellows, and Posada; starting Wednesday, Sept. 8. (Weekdays, noon to 7; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—Colored engravings of eighteenth- and nineteenth-century English country and sporting scenes; through Sept. 15. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Labor Day, 1 to 5.)

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A show called "Younger American Painters," nationwide in scope, with fifty-odd paintings in a variety of styles; through Sept. 26. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, and Labor Day, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

MUSIC

NAUMBURG SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—Richard Bales conducting, with Albert DaCosta, tenor. (Central Park Mall. Monday, Sept. 6, at 8:30.)

INTERVAL CONCERTS—A program of chamber music performed by Philip Fatt, clarinet; Marya Sielska, piano; Harry Zaratzian, viola; and Harold Kohon, violin. The fourth in a series of ten concerts. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, Sept. 9, at 8:40. For information about tickets, call MU 2-6521.)

IN THE COUNTRY

CONNECTICUT POPS—Daniel Saidenberg conducting the Connecticut Symphony Orchestra, with Mimi Benzell, soprano. The last in a series of six programs. (Fairfield University Field, Fairfield, Conn. Friday, Sept. 3, at 8:45.)

MUSIC MOUNTAIN—The Berkshire Quartet presenting the final performance in a series of chamber-music concerts. (Falls Village, Conn. Sunday, Sept. 5, at 4.)

SPORTS

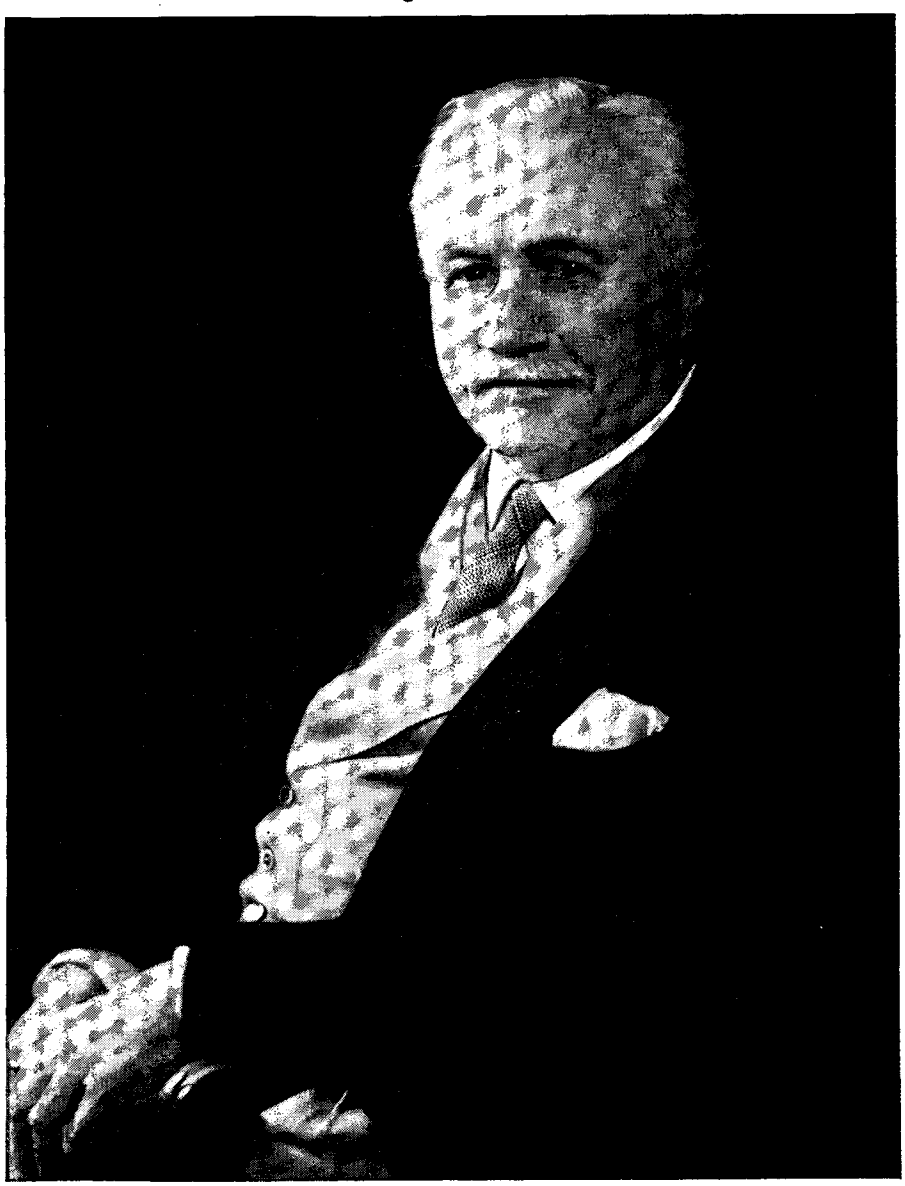
(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

BASEBALL—At YANKEE STADIUM: Yankees vs. Cleveland, Thursday, Sept. 2, at 2. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Boston, Monday, Sept. 6, at 1:30 (doubleheader). . . . POLO GROUNDS: Giants vs. Dodgers, Friday, Sept. 3, at 8:15; Saturday, Sept. 4, at 1:30; and Sunday, Sept. 5, at 2. . . . ¶ Giants vs. Chicago, Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 8-9, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Giants vs. Cincinnati, Friday and Saturday, Sept. 10-11, at 1:30. . . . EBBETS FIELD: Dodgers vs. Pittsburgh, Monday, Sept. 6, at 1:30 (doubleheader). . . . ¶ Dodgers vs. St. Louis, Wednesday, Sept. 8, at 8, and Thursday, Sept. 9, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Dodgers vs. Milwaukee, Friday, Sept. 10, at 8, and Saturday, Sept. 11, at 1:30.

BOXING—At Madison Square Garden—Friday,

A camera study by

Fabian Bachrach



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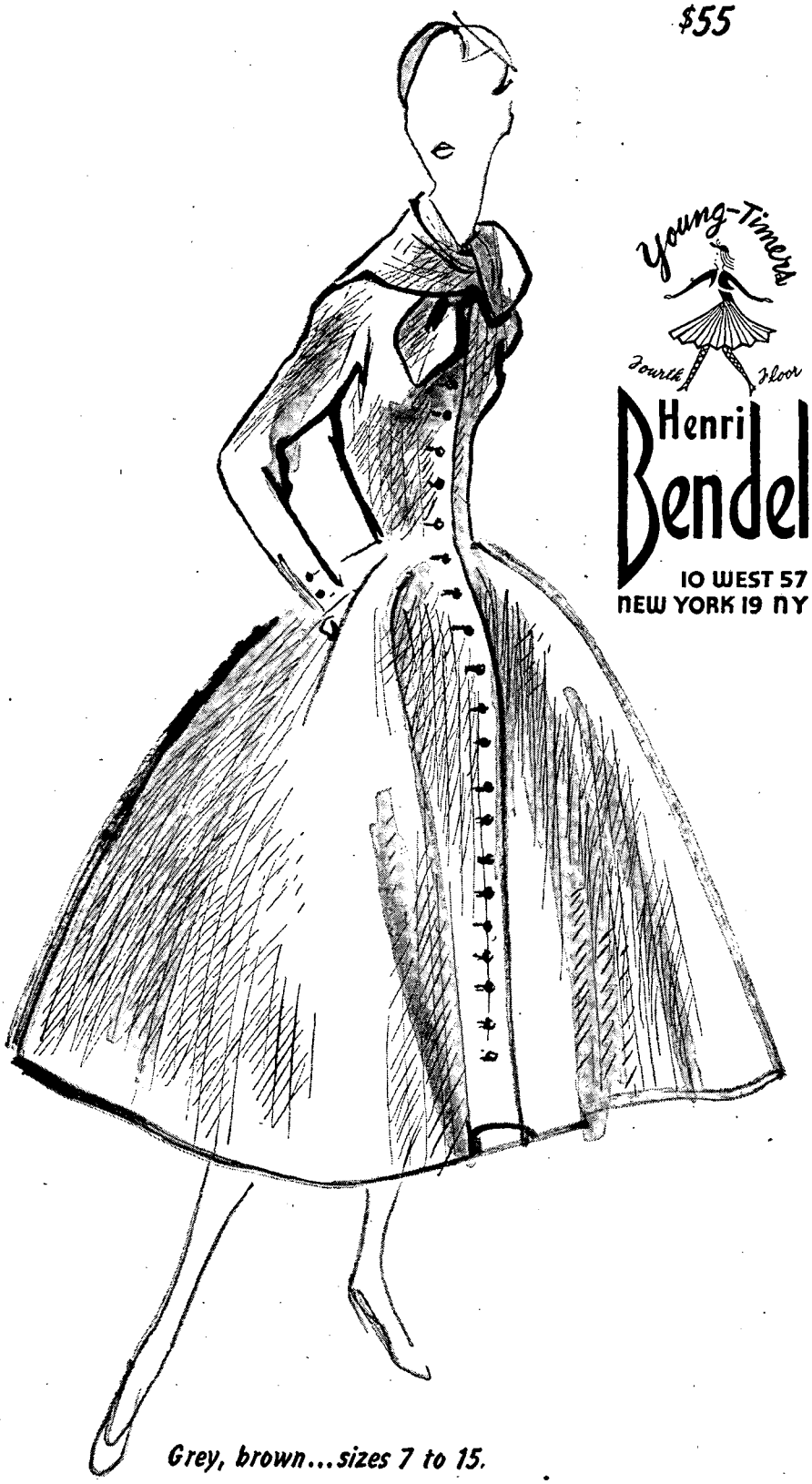

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Sept. 3: Cesar Brion vs. Charley Norkus, heavyweights, 10 rounds. . . . ¶ Friday, Sept. 10: Carmen Basilio vs. Carmine Fiore, welterweights, 10 rounds. (Preliminaries at 8:30; main bouts at 10.)

GOLF—Curtis Cup Matches. (Merion Golf Club, Ardmore, Pa. Thursday and Friday, Sept. 2-3.)

HORSE SHOWS—Maryland State Fair Horse Show. (Timonium, Md. Through Thursday, Sept. 9.) . . . ¶ Warrenton Horse Show. (Warrenton, Va. Saturday through Monday, Sept. 4-6.) . . . ¶ North Shore Horse Show. (Stony Brook, L.I. Thursday through Saturday, Sept. 9-11.)

MOTORBOAT RACING—National Sweepstakes. (Red Bank, N. J. Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 11-12.)

POLO—At the MEADOW BROOK CLUB, Westbury: Sundays at 3:30. . . . BLIND BROOK POLO CLUB, Purchase: Sundays at 4:30.

RACING—At AQUEDUCT: Weekdays at 1:15; through Tuesday, Sept. 21. The Vagrancy Handicap, Saturday, Sept. 4; the Bay Shore Handicap, Monday, Sept. 6; and the Discovery Handicap, Saturday, Sept. 11. (Trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 10:45 and 1, and Saturdays between 10:30 and 1:25.) . . . ATLANTIC CITY, Mays Landing, N.J.: Weekdays at 2; through Wednesday, Oct. 6. (A train leaves Penn Station at 10:30 and connects with a train for the track at North Philadelphia.)

TENNIS—National Singles Championships. (West Side Tennis Club, Forest Hills. Through Monday, Sept. 6. Tickets may be obtained at Spalding's, 518 Fifth Ave., at 43rd St.; the U.S.L.T.A., 120 Broadway, at Cedar St.; and the West Side Tennis Club.)

YACHTING—Manhasset Bay Race Week. (Manhasset, L.I. Wednesday through Sunday, Sept. 8-12.)

OTHER EVENTS

UNITED NATIONS—The organization's activities are expected to be more or less quiescent until Sept. 21, when the General Assembly will reconvene. In the meantime, there are still periodic sessions of the Security Council and meetings of various commissions and committees that the public may attend. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3 Mondays, except Labor Day, through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours, conducted by the American Association for the United Nations, leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so, daily from 9 to around 4:30. . . . ¶ Questions about the United Nations will be answered, Mondays (except Labor Day) through Fridays, by the Information Center for the United Nations, 345 E. 46th St., MU 2-2658.

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—Sunsets, rainbows, thunderstorms, and other phenomena caused by the earth's atmosphere are reproduced in the current show, "Sky Fantasia;" through Sept. 19. (Mondays, except Labor Day, through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30. Saturdays, Sundays, and Labor Day, at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11. . . . ¶ Half-hour conducted tours of the Planetarium start every night at 8.)

COMING EVENTS

(A check list for readers who plan ahead.)

BASEBALL—At the POLO GROUNDS: Sept. 12-19. . . . EBBETS FIELD: Sept. 12, Sept. 14-16, Sept. 20-22, and Sept. 24-26. . . . YANKEE STADIUM: Sept. 20-22, and Sept. 24-26. . . . WORLD SERIES: Starts Sept. 29, if there are no tie playoffs.

BOXING—Rocky Marciano vs. Ezzard Charles, 15 rounds, for the World Heavyweight Championship. (Yankee Stadium, Sept. 15.)

COLLEGE FOOTBALL—Some early games of the season—SATURDAY, SEPT. 25: Brown vs. Colum-

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bia, at Providence; Cornell vs. Colgate, at Ithaca; Dartmouth vs. Holy Cross, at Hanover; Navy vs. William and Mary, at Annapolis; Princeton vs. Rutgers, at Princeton; and Yale vs. Connecticut, at New Haven.... SATURDAY, OCT. 2: Columbia vs. Princeton, at Baker Field; Dartmouth vs. Navy, at Hanover; Harvard vs. Massachusetts, at Cambridge; Holy Cross vs. Colgate, at Worcester; Rutgers vs. Fordham, at New Brunswick; and Yale vs. Brown, at New Haven.... SATURDAY, OCT. 9: Army vs. Dartmouth, at West Point; Colgate vs. Rutgers, at Hamilton; Columbia vs. Yale, at Baker Field; Cornell vs. Harvard, at Ithaca; Princeton vs. Pennsylvania, at Princeton.

DOG SHOWS—Westchester Kennel Club. (Rye. Sept. 12.)... ¶ Westbury Kennel Association. (Old Westbury, L.I. Oct. 3.)... ¶ Devon Dog Show Association. (Devon, Pa. Oct. 9.)

GOLF—U.S.G.A. Women's Amateur Championship. (Allegheny Country Club, Sewickley, Pa. Sept. 13-18.)... ¶ Westchester Seniors Golf Association Championship. (Hudson River Country Club, Yonkers, Sept. 15-16.)... ¶ Metropolitan Golf Association Open Championship. (The Knoll Golf Club, Boonton, N.J. Sept. 20-23.)

HORSE SHOWS—Helping Hand Horse Show. (Syosset, L.I. Sept. 12.)... ¶ Piping Rock Horse Show. (Locust Valley, L.I. Sept. 16-18.)... ¶ Bryn Mawr-Chester County Horse Show. (Devon, Pa. Sept. 24-25.)... ¶ Farmington Hunt Horse Show. (Charlottesville, Va. Oct. 8-9.)

HUNT RACING—Foxcatcher Hounds. (Fairhill, Md. Sept. 11 and 18.)... ¶ Rolling Rock Hunt Racing Association. (Ligonier, Pa. Sept. 29 and Oct. 2.)

MOTORBOAT RACING—President's Cup Regatta. (Washington, D.C. Sept. 18-19.)

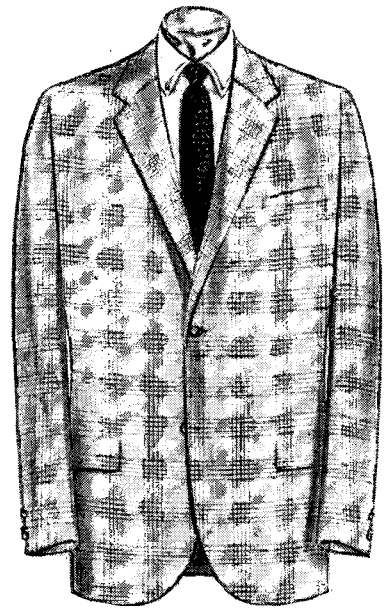
RACING—At BELMONT PARK: Sept. 22-Oct. 20. The Futurity, Oct. 9.... GARDEN STATE PARK: Oct. 9-Nov. 6.... LAUREL: Oct. 16-Nov. 3.

SPORTS-CAR ROAD RACING—Grand Prix and other races. (Watkins Glen, N.Y. Sept. 18.)

MUSIC—OPERA: New York City Opera Company, at the City Center, Sept. 29-Oct. 31.... CARNEGIE HALL: Opening performance of the Philharmonic-Symphony, Dimitri Mitropoulos conducting, Oct. 7.... ¶ Opening performance here of the Philadelphia Orchestra, Eugene Ormandy conducting, Oct. 12.... ¶ Concertgebouw Orchestra of Amsterdam, Eduard van Beinum conducting, Oct. 13.... TOWN HALL: The Children's Choir of Obernkirchen, Germany, Sept. 23, 25, and 26.

THEATRE—Some productions scheduled to open during the next several weeks: Tallulah Bankhead in "Dear Charles," an adaptation by Alan Melville of a French comedy.... ¶ The Old Vic Company, from London, in a limited engagement of Shakespeare's "A Midsummer Night's Dream," with a company of a hundred and fifty, including Robert Helpmann, Moira Shearer, Stanley Holloway, a corps de ballet, and a symphony orchestra.... ¶ "Home Is the Hero," an Irish play by Walter Macken, with the author, Peggy Ann Garner, and Glenda Farrell heading the cast.... ¶ A new play by Robert Anderson, "All Summer Long," in which John Kerr, Ed Begley, and June Walker have the leading roles.... ¶ "Blues, Ballads and Sin-Songs," Libby Holman's one-woman show, to be presented for a single week.... ¶ A comedy by Harry Kurnitz called "Reclining Figure," with Percy Waram, Georgiann Johnson, and Mike Wallace.... ¶ Vera Zorina and Bobby Van in a redo of the Rodgers-Hart-Abbott musical "On Your Toes," first presented here in 1936.... ¶ "Fragile Fox," a play by Norman A. Brooks, with Don Taylor and Dane Clark in an all-male cast.... ¶ Robert Preston, Kim Hunter, and Ronny Graham in "The Tender Trap," a comedy by Max Shulman and Robert Paul Smith.

OTHER DATES—Quarterly federal income-tax payments are due on Wednesday, Sept. 15.... ¶ Ice Capades, at Madison Square Garden, Sept. 15-26.... ¶ Dahlia Show, at Essex House, Sept. 21-22.... ¶ Daylight Saving Time ends Sunday, Sept. 26.... ¶ Registration days for the Nov. 2 elections, Sept. 30-Oct. 1, Oct. 4-5, and Oct. 8-9.... ¶ Rodeo, at Madison Square Garden, Sept. 30-Oct. 17.... ¶ New York Antiques Fair, at the 71st Regiment Armory, Oct. 11-16.... ¶ Columbus Day is Tuesday, Oct. 12.



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

BEAT THE DEVIL—A dishevelled, hilarious description of the antics of a gang of lunatic crooks who are out to get control of a big uranium field in Africa. Written by Truman Capote and John Huston, and directed by the latter, the film is fortunate in its cast, which includes Humphrey Bogart, Robert Morley, Peter Lorre, Marco Tulli, Ivor Barnard, and such handsome ladies as Gina Lollobrigida and Jennifer Jones. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; through Sept. 6.)

THE CAINE MUTINY—An overly detailed but occasionally amusing adaptation of the Herman Wouk novel about a naval officer who is provoked by the psychopathic condition of his captain to assume command of a vessel only slightly more impressive than a lifeboat. Humphrey Bogart and Van Johnson are excellent as the mad captain and the man who supersedes him. (Capitol, B'way at 51st, JU 2-5060.)

GENEVIEVE—A thoroughly likable English film in which a pair of ancient-car fanatics try a run from London to Brighton and back with astonishing results. One of them takes his wife, the other takes a model, and all four are pleasant people. With John Gregson, Kenneth More, Dinah Sheridan, and Kay Kendall. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; through Sept. 4.)

MR. HULOT'S HOLIDAY—Jacques Tati, a notable comedian, in a French film that has its funny moments as it describes, with no superfluous dialogue, some of the doings at a lively seaside resort. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)

NEW FACES—Rather larger than life in CinemaScope, this intimate revue, with Eartha Kitt, Ronny Graham, Alice Ghostley, Paul Lynde, and Robert Clary, still has a lot of the charm that made it so attractive on Broadway. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through Sept. 7.)

ON THE WATERFRONT—A first-class picture, written by Budd Schulberg and directed by Elia Kazan, that works out to the utter satisfaction of anybody who views it. Among the actors, all of whom are to be commended, are Marlon Brando, Karl Malden, Eva Marie Saint, and Lee J. Cobb. (Astor, B'way at 45th, JU 6-2240.)

PARIS INCIDENT—Montmartre becomes the scene of a frantic and touching search as a conscientious telegraph boy loses the messages he is supposed to deliver. Directed by Henri Decoin with a great deal of charm and grace. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320; through Sept. 6.)

THE VANISHING PRAIRIE—Coyotes, prairie dogs, buffaloes, whooping cranes, and an extensive and active assortment of other wildlife trying to make a go of it on the lonely American prairie. A Walt Disney nature film, and quite impressive. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030.)

REVIVALS

THE AFRICAN QUEEN (1952)—Down an African river with Humphrey Bogart and Katharine Hepburn. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Sept. 7-8.)

THE BIG SLEEP (1946)—Humphrey Bogart and Lauren Bacall in the Raymond Chandler tale of blackmail and murder. (Holiday, B'way at 47th, CI 5-5530; through Sept. 8, tentative.)

BREAKING THE SOUND BARRIER (1952)—Supersonic stuff, with Ralph Richardson and Ann Todd. (Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; Sept. 5-7.)

CHAPLIN COMEDIES—"The Immigrant," "The Adventurer," "The Cure," and "Easy Street," all one-reelers from the silent past. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 3.)

CRIME AND PUNISHMENT (1935)—Harry Baur in a French version of one of Dostoevski's novels. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 6.)

THE FALLEN IDOL (1949)—A small boy's efforts to prevent his best pal, a butler, from being charged with murder. An English picture, with Bobby Henrey, Ralph Richardson, and Michèle Morgan. (Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663.)

GONE WITH THE WIND (1939)—Nearly four hours of Vivien Leigh, Clark Gable, and thousands of others. (York, 1st Ave. at 64th, RH 4-5779; through Sept. 3.... ¶Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; through Sept. 6.... ¶Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622; starting Sept. 8.)

HIGH NOON (1952)—Cow-country doings, with Gary Cooper taking on a passel of malefactors. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Sept. 7-8.)

THE LITTLE WORLD OF DON CAMILLO (1953)—All about how a hardboiled priest (Fernandel) frustrates the plans of a Communist mayor (Gino Cervi) in a small Italian town. Made in Italy, with French dialogue. (55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, JU 6-4590; through Sept. 8.)

NEVER GIVE A SUCKER AN EVEN BREAK (1941)—W. C. Fields doing his best as a kindly uncle. (Trans-Lux 72nd St., 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through Sept. 8, tentative.)

A NIGHT AT THE MOVIES (1937)—Robert Benchley, the master bumbler, in a one-reeler. (Trans-Lux 72nd St., 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through Sept. 8, tentative.)

ROAD TO LIFE (1932)—The wild children of the Russian Revolution and how the Soviets handled them. In Russian. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 3.)

ROMAN HOLIDAY (1953)—A princess (Audrey Hepburn) sneaks away from her entourage in Rome and winds up seeing the sights with an American newspaperman (Gregory Peck) and a photographer (Eddie Albert). (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; starting Sept. 3.... ¶Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; Sept. 8.)

SYMPHONIE PASTORALE (1948)—A French version of the André Gide story about a blind girl and a pastor, with Michèle Morgan and Pierre Blanchar. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; starting Sept. 8.)

TONY DRAWS A HORSE (1951)—In this English whimsey, a number of the more peculiar facets of British society are given an airing. With Cecil Parker and Anne Crawford. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; starting Sept. 8.)

VOLPONE (1947)—Harry Baur and Louis Jouvet in a French version of the Jonson comedy. (55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, JU 6-4590; through Sept. 8.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY—Through Sept. 6: "Of Mice and Men" (1940), with Burgess Meredith, Betty Field, and Lon Chaney, Jr.... ¶Starting Sept. 7: "Major Barbara" (1941), with Wendy Hiller, Rex Harrison, and Robert Morley. (Showings at 3 and 5:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after noon on the day of the showing.)

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THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

ASTOR, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
ON THE WATERFRONT.

CAPITOL, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
THE CAINE MUTINY.

CRITERION, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
"Living It Up," Dean Martin, Jerry Lewis, Janet Leigh.

HOLIDAY, B'way at 47th. (CI 5-5530)
Through Sept. 8 (tentative): THE BIG SLEEP, revival; and "Kid Galahad," revival, Edward G. Robinson, Bette Davis.

MAYFAIR, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
"Duel in the Sun," revival, Jennifer Jones, Gregory Peck.

MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"Seven Brides for Seven Brothers" (in CinemaScope), Jane Powell, Howard Keel, Jeff Richards.

PARAMOUNT, B'way at 43rd. (LO 3-1100)
Sept. 2: "King Richard and the Crusaders" (in CinemaScope), Rex Harrison, Virginia Mayo, George Sanders.
From Sept. 3: "Private Hell 36," Ida Lupino, Steve Cochran.

RIVOLI, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"Rear Window," James Stewart, Grace Kelly, Wendell Corey.

ROXY, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
"The Egyptian" (in CinemaScope), Edmund Purdom, Jean Simmons, Victor Mature.

STATE, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
Through Sept. 8 (tentative): "Magnificent Obsession," Jane Wyman, Rock Hudson, Barbara Rush.

VICTORIA, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"Dragnet," Jack Webb, Ben Alexander, Ann Robinson.

WARNER, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
"Cinerama." (Mondays, except Labor Day, through Thursdays at 2:40 and 8:40; Fridays at 7:30 and 10:30; Saturdays at 2, 5, 8:40, and 11:40; and Sundays and Labor Day at 2, 5, and 8:40. Reserved seats only.)

WORLD, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
"The French Touch" (in French), Fernandel, Renée Devillers.

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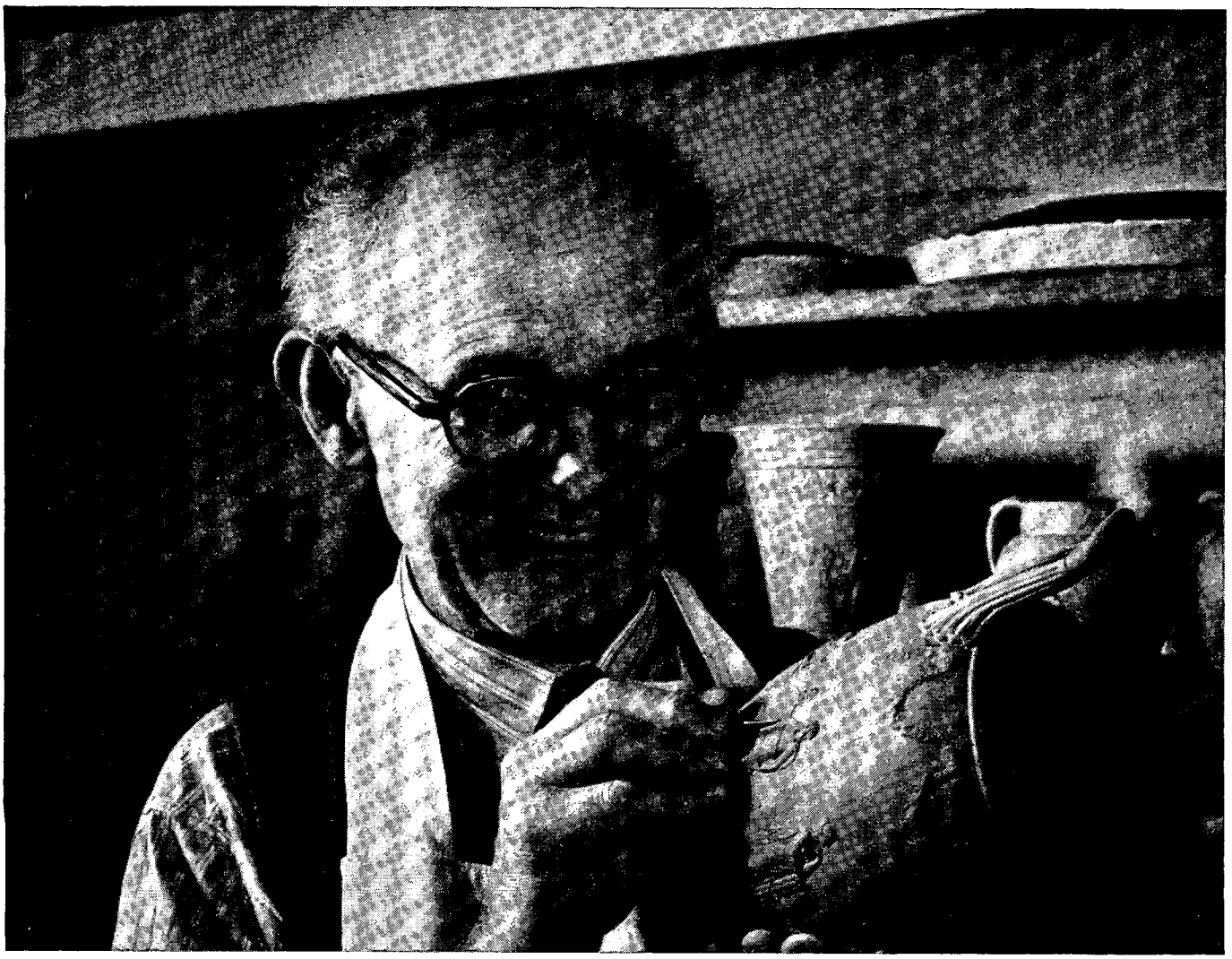

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WM. COWPER. 1731-1800.

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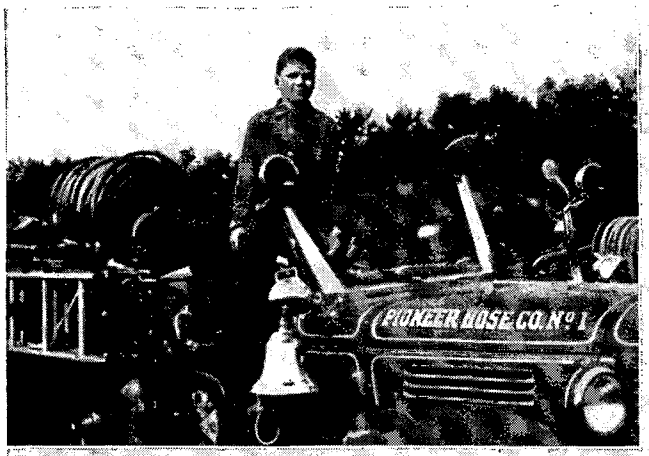

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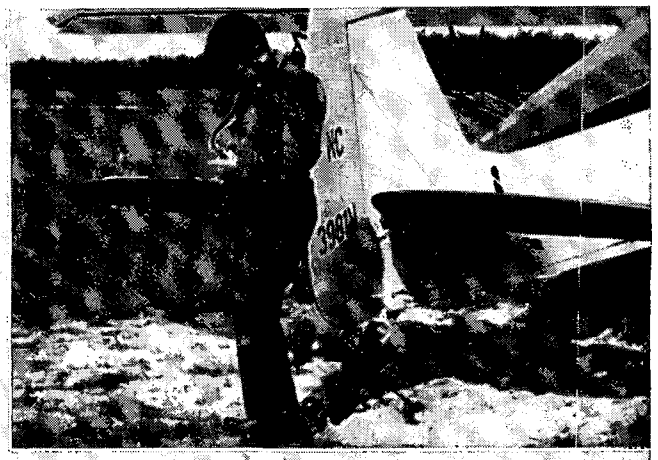

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

WE'RE in receipt of an extraordinarily urbane communication from Rasponi Associates, a publicity firm, on the subject of Martinis. "Everyone seems to agree that the Dry Martini is a delightful drink," it starts out, and continues:

> No one seems to agree, though, on the right proportions of gin and vermouth. Recently the United States Government took a hand in the controversy. Tax rules, it seems, have always required bottled "Martini cocktails" to be mixed with no less than three parts of gin for one part of vermouth. But on July 6th the Internal Revenue Service held that they might be mixed with as many as five parts of gin for every one of vermouth if the bottle label reads "Dry," "Extra Dry," or "Extra Special Dry."
>
> In other words, the Internal Revenue Service is making sure that the customer who buys his Dry Martinis in a bottle gets Dry Martinis. But where does this leave the customer who gets his Dry Martinis at a bar or in a cocktail lounge? Who protects him from the stingy proprietor who tells his bartender to mix them three to one, or from the bartender who frowns on the five to one mix? . . . The Cinzano Vermouth Company is one of our clients and the proportions that lead to a happy marriage of gin and vermouth are of vital concern to us.

The letter ends up by inviting us to make a Martini tour of East Side bars with a

Cinzano representative. We've sent our regrets, with thanks, because we're in business for our health, but we admire the detached tone of the invitation. There's even a possibility that it turns the other cheek *too* much. In plumping for the Dry Martini, and what appears to be a minimum Cinzano sale, the Associates are wisely going along with a local and federal trend, and they may be shrewd, at that, for is not a Dry Martini customer more likely to reorder than one whose Martini is not so dry, and do not two five-to-one Martinis consume more vermouth than one three-to-one? Still, why call a three-to-one saloonkeeper stingy? Stingy with gin, generous with vermouth—where's the adjective to cover that? Two-tone, perhaps, or possibly British. Come to think of it, we wish we'd made the tour. We'd have liked to offer the Cinzano man an in-and-out, or Racquet Club, Martini. Take an empty vermouth bottle, pour in gin, pour contents into shaker, shake, and serve to guests. They'll shake their heads, and maybe shake *you*.

Out of Nowhere

IF few men in history have been credited with the coining of a word—a word indisputably new and indisputably the coiner's, which not only enters the language but stays there long enough to get into dictionaries—what are we to say of a man whom lexicographers are beginning to credit with the coining of *two* words? This paragon of philological inventiveness is Osborn Fort Hevener, an official of the National City Bank, and the words of which he is the proud coiner are "humiture" and "humit." Professional meteorologists are already familiar with the terms. So are people who tune in on weather announcements on TV. People who don't have TV and people who, in any event, would rather have weather happen to them than be shown diagrams of it on a blackboard may have made their first acquaintance with "humiture" and "humit" a couple of sentences back. If so, we beg them to pay close attention to the following definitions, which we got from the great man himself, in the course of a recent visit to Hevener's hideaway, down at 55 Wall. Humiture, Hevener says, is the combined measurement of temperature and humidity. Humits are what that measurement is reckoned in. To arrive at the humiture, one adds the degrees of temperature to the percentage of relative humidity and divides by two. Say the temperature is ninety and the humidity fifty; the humiture is seventy. To be precise, it is seventy humits. (Hevener, a resourceful fellow if we ever met one, has also devised a handy symbol for humits—the equivalent of ° for degrees and % for percentage. It is ø.) "Meteorologists claim that the human body is at its best when the temperature is seventy and the humidity fifty per cent," Hevener said. "In short, sixty humits. Thanks to air-conditioning, I can keep my office at that humiture all summer long."

A lean, middle-aged man, lively and persuasive in manner, Hevener went on to tell us that "humiture" and "humit" had come to him in successive flashes on a humid afternoon in September, 1937, while he was riding on a train between

New York and his home in Millburn, New Jersey. " 'Humiture' came first," he said. "You might say it was immaculate—out of nowhere. Right after it came 'humit.' I'd always been a weather hobbyist, keeping charts and making graphs and the like, and on that particular afternoon I was studying the hour-by-hour temperature and humidity readings published in the Newark *Evening News*. Suddenly I realized that the figures meant absolutely nothing in terms of human response. Man reacts physiologically to the *combination* of temperature and humidity. I added the temperature and humidity readings and divided by two, and there it was—*the first humiture reading ever made*. I wrote the weather columnist of the *Evening News*, explaining my theory of humiture and asking him to print humiture readings from then on. He said he'd be glad to, and did so for the next twelve years—until the paper dropped its weather column. A few other pa-

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pers adopted the practice for a while, then abandoned it. It caught on in radio, though, and in TV it's been going great guns."

Government meteorologists don't officially recognize humiture, but several of them have written Hevener that they make use of it in their private calculations. Furthermore, they agree with Hevener's rule of thumb that no matter what the temperature and humidity may be, a man feels comfortable at sixty humits and begins to feel distinctly uncomfortable at seventy-five humits. Temperature, 95°, humidity, 25%—result, happiness. Temperature, 80°, humidity, 70%—result, misery. Not content with coining words and symbols and formulating rules of thumb, Hevener has invented a machine, and what do you suppose it does? Why, gauges humiture, of course! He showed us a working model of the device, which had a dial on the front marked off in tens, from zero to a hundred and ten. On the dial were three hands. One was green and labelled "Temperature," another was yellow and labelled "Humidity," and the third, equidistant from its fellows, was red and labelled "Humiture." "Would you believe it?" Hevener asked. "I had an attorney search the patent files, and there's never been a weather clock like this one suggested! I filed an application for a patent on it in January, 1953, and I have no doubt that it will be approved. Meanwhile, I'm casting about for a manufacturer." He is also keeping an eye on the slow but steady progress that "humiture" and "humit" are making toward enshrinement in dictionaries. Lexicographers are notoriously suspicious of neologisms, but Hevener senses that his day of glory is near. The Thorndike-Barnhart Dictionary people have the two words on their "almost" list and may flag them in any day now; so may Webster's, which, when the word "humiture" appeared in the Funk & Wagnalls New International Year Book for 1951, sent Hevener a brief message. The message read, "Felicitations!"

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INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: Macy's displays copies of Francis Thompson's "The Hound of Heaven" on a counter marked "Books on Pets."

Steak Breakfast

THE other morning, a gentleman named Michael Wayne asked us down to the Old Homestead restaurant, on Ninth Avenue between Four-

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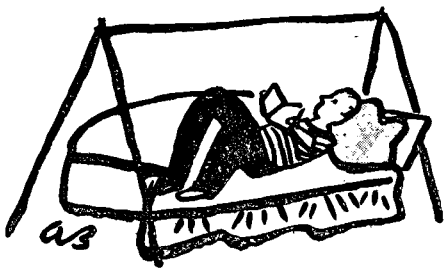
teenth and Fifteenth Streets, to have a steak breakfast and watch a number of wholesale-meat dealers who frequent this ancient establishment doing the same thing. Mr. Wayne, who has been managing the Old Homestead for the past couple of years, informed us by telephone that the butchers in his neighborhood rise and shine at 3 A.M., and are ravenous by eight. "It will do your heart good to see these men tearing into their own stock in trade," he said. Although our idea of breakfast is a bit of toast and coffee, we agreed to join Mr. Wayne and his customers in a spot of steer meat, and next thing you know we were sitting with our host under a formidable moose head at the Old Homestead. At an adjacent table, two powerful trenchermen in white aprons were busy demolishing a pair of large sirloins. They worked on their platters silently and efficiently. We observed to Mr. Wayne, who is a handsome young fellow of about thirty, that it was a pleasure to see such dedicated carnivores at work. "Compared to some of the eaters we get around here, they're delicate," he said. "There's a fellow comes in who weighs about four hundred and fifty pounds and consumes four sirloins every morning. You can't get the kind of steaks that these men go for in a retail butcher's shop. They're heavier-grained, for one thing, and they include more fat. They come from steers that weigh nine hundred to eleven hundred pounds, and are ordinarily served only in restaurants. The kind of steak a housewife buys comes from steers weighing five hundred and fifty to six hundred and fifty pounds. A pound of beef from those big steers costs us anywhere from two dollars and seventy-five cents to three dollars. I've only been around meat for a couple of years, but I'm nuts about it. I used to be in the whiskey business, but I got to dropping in at the Siemer Packing Company, next door, and now I'm pretty good at guessing the quality of beef."

Mr. Wayne whistled up a waiter and asked us how we'd like our steak. We said medium would be fine.

"Some people," he went on, "like meat that's been hung so long that there's a taste of age about it. It's good meat, all right, but we prefer it a little fresher. A shell of beef that's been kept on the hook at Siemer's around a week and a half and then given another week and a half in our icebox is about ready to be cooked."

The two butchers we'd noticed upon our arrival went to work on a second pair of steaks, and they were joined by half a dozen other men, who were presently chomping away at Mr. Wayne's *spécialité*. A little later, we got busy ourself, and for a half hour or so there was no sound in the restaurant except an occasional clash of silverware and the heavy breathing of steak eaters. When we eventually came up for air, Mr. Wayne told us that the Old Homestead has been in existence since about 1820. "It was originally organized not as a restaurant but as a trading post where food could be bought," Mr. Wayne said. "Years ago, the Hudson River came up near the door of the place, and farmers from Jersey, Connecticut, and upstate New York used to bring their produce here. When it was finally set up as a restaurant, in 1868, it was managed by Uncle Gus Schoffert. Uncle Gus passed his interest along to his nephew John Heinz, and he ran the restaurant with T. K. Timmanns until my brother-in-law, who owns the place now, bought him out. Mr. Heinz's sister, who is pushing seventy, still lives upstairs. She used to do the cooking in the Old Homestead. Now she seldom goes out. I've only seen her a couple of times since I've been here. We send her meals up to her from our kitchen. She likes steak and potatoes. After you've had your coffee, maybe we might step next door and see some of our steaks at Siemer's."

Feeling fat and contented, we soon followed Mr. Wayne over to the adjoining packing house, and plunged into an icebox containing row upon row of beef shells and a trio of butchers. "You'll notice," said Mr. Wayne, "that this prime beef has a heavy layer of rich white fat, and that the body of the meat is heavily grained with fat. As a general thing, packers won't sell direct to a restaurant, but we're an exception, because of our situation in the wholesale district." Mr. Wayne kept patting shells of beef affectionately as he led us through the icebox, and every now and then, when he spotted a really fine one, he would groan with delight. It was refreshingly chilly in the icebox, but after a while we began to feel a trifle frostbitten. We suggested to Mr. Wayne that maybe the two of us had better take our leave of the beef and head back to the Old Homestead. He agreed reluctantly. "I'd rather spend a day in here than a week at the seashore," he said.



As we entered the restaurant again, Mr. Wayne pointed out a large colored portrait of John L. Sullivan hanging by the bar. "Now, there was a man who could probably put away fourteen or fifteen pounds of meat at a sitting," he said. "They're not making them like that any more."

Defeat

A TAXICAB and a laundry truck, missing each other by inches on Sixth Avenue, stopped in such a way that each impeded the other's progress. "Back up!" the truck driver snarled. The cabby smiled. The truck driver folded his arms and frowned. Horns began to toot in blocked cars. Neither driver budged. Finally, the truck driver leaned out his window, yelled, "If I wasn't in a hurry, you'd *see* who's stubborner," and backed up.

Dutch Consul

THIS is our consul-general season. Last month, the French consul general, Count Jean de Lagarde; this month, the Dutch consul general, Baron J. A. de Vos van Steenwyk. We dropped in on the latter, who calls himself Baron de Vos, at his office, in Rockefeller Center, and found him to be a blue-suited, blue-shirted, blue-and-white-cravatted, high-spirited baron of forty-five. He came here three summers ago, after four years as first secretary of his country's legation in Buenos Aires and two years in charge of the Western Hemisphere desk of the Netherlands Ministry of Foreign Affairs, in The Hague. "I saw the change from an agrarian to a semi-industrial economy and the unfolding of highly ambitious plans," he said of his Argentine stint. "It was a very pleasant suburban life, with a swimming pool. A small swimming pool." He offered us a cigarette, and went on. "Here, my wife and I have an eleventh-floor apartment on East End Avenue, full of modern gadgets but with a relative lack of servants. My first year in New York was rather staggering; I had a feeling the city was going to overwhelm me. The second year, I took stock. I went back to Holland to gain perspective. The third has been most enjoyable. I've made friends. I go to vast receptions, and I know quite a few people at them. At the reception for Haile Selassie, at the Waldorf, I knew several of the security officers. If you meet the same people two or three times, there's a basis for friendship. It's

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"Morons."

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easier to make friends here than in most countries. New Yorkers are cordial and kind-hearted. I play squash racquets and hard racquets in the winter, and tennis at the Tuxedo Club in the summer. My family are in a rented house in Tuxedo—a small one—and I go up weekends. There's an atmosphere of *grandeur passée* there. Sport is the most pleasant way of meeting people. A good sweat, followed by a drink, takes away inhibitions. From a sartorial point of view, I am not partial to the button-down collar, but I get clothes here for sporting purposes. That lovely expression 'men's furnishings'! 'Relax' and 'frustration' are other typically American words. I've also picked up the phrases 'get a refill,' for another cocktail, and 'Who the hell does he think he is?' I'm not too partial to the American habit of eating ice cream, but I like the hamburg on toast, and the milk. The hamburg on toast is one of the triumphs of American cooking."

Baron de Vos, who struck us as relaxed and unfrustrated, told us he was born in Zwolle, the capital of the province of Overyssel (the Netherlands has eleven provinces), and described his native city as a small provincial town on the order of Albany. He took a law degree at the University of Leiden, joined the staff of a provincial governor as legal adviser on road building and dike construction, and was a cavalry officer at the time of the invasion of Holland. "I entered the foreign service in 1945, at the suggestion of my wife," he said. "Her family, the van Weedes, have long been in the diplomatic service. My father was a senator. You know the two things that most impress my wife here? The intense interest women take in civic affairs—a great contrast to our country—and the special sales that are advertised in the *Times*. She says that's the best way of shopping. She clips the ads, and off she goes."

The de Voses have a son (Edzard, six) and two girls (Hermance, eight, and Hortense, who was born in Doctors Hospital in 1952). "Winter weekends, they play in Carl Schurz Park," the Baron said. "They have many friends there. Let me be serious for a moment. If you think of the Western world getting together more and more, you should remember that one cannot rush things. You cannot make things according to a blueprint. You must make time your ally. It will give you the opportunity to solve problems."

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SUMMER-CAMP letter, girl of eight: "We are having a lot of fun at camp. We play games and weave and string beads and take hikes, and every night we all cry ourselves to sleep."

Underwater

IF anybody had told us ten years ago that we'd someday be attending an underwater spearfishing tournament off the coast of Rhode Island, we would merely have smiled. Well, one afternoon last week, during a short New England holiday, darned if we didn't find ourself doing exactly that. It was an instructive and lively, not to say perilous, experience. In the course of it, we got baked by the sun and splashed by the waves, we clambered like a goat among the huge granite blocks of a long, curved breakwater near Point Judith, and we dodged many a spearfisherman, many a barbed weapon, and quite a few fish. The occasion was the annual East Coast Underwater Spearfishing Championships, sponsored by the Long Island Dolphins and the Rhode Island Underwater Spearfishing Club. Being in the vicinity, we had accepted an invitation from Joseph Wetzel, Jr., president of the Dolphins and a member of the Dolphin team. "Twelve teams of three each are entered," Mr. Wetzel told us enthusiastically over the phone. "No carbon-dioxide guns or spears with detonating heads allowed. No catch under twelve inches will be weighed. You get a certain number of points per pound for blackfish, bluefish, fluke, striped bass, and flounder. No artificial breathing apparatus allowed. You don't get any points for what are called inedible fish, like sharks, conger eels, skates, and sting rays. The rules say no attracting fish by chumming, no alcohol, no rough play. First prize is expenses to Key West to compete in the Nationals. There's a twenty-five-point penalty if you climb up on the breakwater with a loaded spear gun. You bring your own lunch."

Arriving at Point Judith, a sea-skirted area crowded with lobster shops, anglers, automobiles, and bathers, we fell in with a group of young men in bathing suits who were wearing or carrying various pieces of underwater equipment. Most of them were clustered around a table under a banner proclaiming the tournament. Some had rubber suits over their arms. Some had glass-faced rubber masks on their heads and cork-handled knives in their belts. Some had underwater-breathing tubes, about a foot long and curved at both ends, in their belts or fastened by elastic bands to their heads. Some were carrying blown-up inner tubes with burlap stretched across the middle. We turned to a young man wearing a yachting cap, dark bathing trunks, a black turtleneck sweater, a belt with a knife in it, a pair of leather wristbands, and a pair of fins, and asked what the inner tubes were for. "They're floats," he said. "After you shoot a fish and he starts sounding on you, you take a rope that's hanging from the float and fasten it to his tail with a half hitch and let him pull the float. Or, after you've put him out of commission, you chuck him into the float instead of attaching him to your belt on a fish clip." A man wearing dark glasses and carrying several elastic-powered spear guns hurried by. "That's Albert VanderKogel," the young man said. "He's with the North Shore Spearfishing Club, and it's rumored he can stay under water longer than anybody. On the other hand, Dick

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Ferg, of the Dolphins, can go straight down sixty feet."

A short distance away, a young man in a T shirt, slacks, and a visored hat—people addressed him as Ernie—was announcing the names of some of the teams present. "New York Blackfish," he said. "Long Island Sand Fleas. Coast of Maine Neptunes. Stamford Sea Strikers. Long Island Underwater Adventurers." Two young men with clip boards took down the names. A tall young man wearing blue trunks and a belt to which a small package labelled "Res-Q-Pak" was attached handed Ernie a power megaphone. Next, a large man in tan swimming trunks stopped by to inform Ernie that a motor launch was ready to take a load of spearfishermen to the breakwater. We introduced ourself to the large man and learned that he was Gustav della Valli, the chief judge of the meet, who had formerly run a spearfishing school in Haiti. "My wife is shooting pictures for *Pesca-Sport*, an Italian spearfishing magazine," he remarked, and told us that a Navy crash boat was taking some spectators over.

We boarded the boat, and soon reached the breakwater, a quarter of a mile offshore. The breakwater was lined with contestants, who were in the process of struggling into rubber suits of one sort or another, putting on fins and rubber hoods, checking their spear guns, or pulling on long woollen socks or work gloves. After a while, Ernie arrived at the breakwater, climbed to the top, and announced through the megaphone that the meet would start in five minutes. A little dog ran from one granite block to another, barking furiously. The spearfishermen lined up along the edge of the breakwater, adjusted their masks and fins, and then held their guns at the ready. Ernie blew a whistle, and the contestants slowly streamed into the dark, choppy waves, some pushing inner tubes ahead of them. A few feet out, they started sticking their faces in the water, so that only the backs of their heads and the breathing tubes, which resembled little canes, were visible. A concerted hissing rose from the water as they breathed. Every once in a while, a head would submerge entirely and a pair of fins would flip out of the water as a man ducked under after a fish. Now and then, a fisherman would swim to a float and heave a fish into it. At less frequent intervals, one would climb up on the breakwater, carrying his gun in one hand and a fish in the other, flap with some difficulty along the blocks, and deposit his fish in a basket.

"The Blackfish are leading!" someone called excitedly.

Two tall young men in black rubber suits came by. "What's the point of shooting an eel?" one demanded tartly of the other. "You don't get any points for eels."

A husky young man in blue bathing trunks and a black rubber top climbed up, fish in hand, and asked Mr. della Valli where to put it. Mr. della Valli pointed to one of the baskets.

Two young men in blue bathing trunks ran up and congratulated the fisherman. "That looks like a seven-pound blackfish," one of them said to Mr. della Valli.

"I'm Guy Freeman and this is Roy Kieser, of the Dolphins," the other one said to us. "Roy just came back from Molasses Reef, Florida, where he's been shooting 'cuda."

"'Cuda travel in groups," Kieser said. "I attract them by blowing bubbles."

More fishermen pressed by with fish.

Mr. della Valli stared out at the water, where a fisherman, head down, was kicking with his fins. "Don't kick your feet, Mister!" he called. "You'll scare the fish."

Bidding goodbye to the Dolphins, the Neptunes, the Underwater Adventurers, we hopped into a rowboat and, our head well above water, made for the shore.

Portent

CAN this be 1928 all over again? A Schrafft's customer finished his breakfast, picked up his check, and left on the table a tip and a copy of the *Times*. The waitress took the tip, opened the *Times*, carefully tore out the two pages containing the stock-market quotations, folded them, and stuffed them in her pocket.

"I was just about to give up on it when I got this idea that there might be a market for an automatic shuffler that doesn't shuffle."

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OBJECT OF VIRTUE

"IT isn't that the Malones aren't kind, good people," Mrs. Hester said.

She lay, exhausted from the heat, on the sofa in her bedroom, where the outside blinds had been closed and the light was green and dim. One hand rested on Ann's head lightly.

"They have a television set," Ann said. She sat on the round wicker stool beside her mother. She was eleven.

"That's what I mean."

"And they're trading in their Buick for a Caddy! They have piles of money."

"Darling, money is a measure of nothing except vulgarity. That's what I am trying to explain. I don't mean to sound snobbish. I don't mean to keep you from playing with them, believe me. I am just trying to show you about something—when you are older, you can grasp better what I mean, but it matters at all ages—a sense of *values*." Mrs. Hester brushed the damp fair hair away from her forehead with her other hand. "Television sets don't *matter*. Cars don't matter—to our kind of people. That's what I'm trying to make you feel—what kind of people we are."

"We don't have *anything*," Ann said.

"Don't phrase it that way. Say we haven't *got* anything, if you like, or we *haven't* anything. We haven't got a great deal of money, but we have so many things that matter so much more. It is such a pity for you to long for the wrong things when we have so much. We have Daddy and his violin in the evenings. We have our pictures and our books—treasures that will last forever. I know you love them, too, darling; I've seen your face. You are part of this family. You are our own little girl. We love quiet, and peace, and the beautiful things there are in this world. That's the kind of people we are."

"I want some fun," Ann said.

"I *want* you to have fun," her mother said. "Drinking cheap orange drinks, and going into the crowds at Lake Amethyst, and looking at the television isn't the only kind of fun, or, indeed, the best kind. It's not *our* kind. How would you like to make ice cream? Now?"

"What kind?"

"Chocolate? Or we could try something new. Apricot?"

Ann thought.

"Or is there anything else you would rather do?"

Ann looked at her mother. "Can we look at the jewelry?"

Mrs. Hester smiled then.

"Yes, darling. You get it."

Ann went to the closet where her mother's thin, summery, sweet-smelling dresses hung, and took down the large black japanned-tin box from the high shelf. She brought it across the room and set it on the floor beside the sofa.

Outside, the light shifted faintly as the boughs of the maple lazily flicked the blinds.

Ann opened the box. "Can I look at everything?"

"Yes."

Ann lifted the tissue-paper-wrapped packages out one at a time and handed them to her mother, who opened them and explained their contents to the little girl.

"These are your grandmother's seed pearls. See how the rosettes are set at intervals to balance. You can wear them when you are married. I did. . . . These are Aunt Mary's bracelets that she bought in Naples. They are made of lava from Mount Vesuvius. See how many different colors of lava there are. . . . This is a cameo. It belonged to my Aunt Sara. It is made out of all one stone, but the stone was in layers, you see, so that by cutting down they exposed the other colors underneath, making the profile stand out in relief. . . . These are your great-grandfather's cuff links. They are made of amethyst quartz— Aren't you interested?"

"Yes, Mother."

"And that is his crest, engraved on each stone. This ring matches them, you see, with the same crest. Gentlemen wore rings in those days. . . . This is a set of mosaic jewelry, left me by a dear old lady in Bangor. See how tiny the little blue flowers are. I have always thought I would have the earrings altered for you, when you are older, and screw backs put on. Would you like that?"

"Yes."

"This is a ruby, left to me by my old nurse in Portland. It's not very pretty—as you see, a very ugly setting—but she was a dear old thing and I keep it out of sentiment."

"A real ruby?"

"Yes. But what matters is not what is paid for it but how much beauty it has. It's not beautiful. . . . These are. These were my grandmother's bracelets. They are made of onyx, and, as you see, each square is set with a pearl in its center. I think they're the loveliest bit of jewelry I own."

"Real pearls?"

"Oh, yes. But isn't it lovely?" Mrs. Hester held one up. Then she laid it down and Ann handed her a small leather box. "These are Daddy's evening studs. He used to wear them when he performed at concerts. Pretty, aren't they?"

"Doesn't he ever wear them now?"

"Well, people don't dress in the evening very much, any more. These—oh, these are the buttons off my best dress when I was about your age. Aren't they *lovely*? They give me such a feeling. Look, a different center on each little enamel button—star, anchor, heart, crown. How I adore them. . . . These are your great-grandfather's watch charms."

After a time, they came to the bottom. Mrs. Hester began to fit the tissue-paper packages back into the box.

Ann blinked. It was like coming out of a little world, an antique-jewelled miniature world, into the hot, green, breathless afternoon world of today. She got up. "I guess I'll go out."

"All right, darling. Put this back on the shelf, will you? They'll all be yours one day."

Ann turned at the closet door. "Mine?"

"Of course." Mrs. Hester laughed. "Didn't you ever realize that?"

ANN slipped into the pounding heat outdoors and began to wander down the street, walking in the road and stepping in all the shadows. Everything was so green, so lonely, so quiet; it was like an afternoon under the sea. She was the only human. This was not walking; it was swimming. She began to move her arms and to glide in and out of the shadows.

"Hey, Ann! What you think you're doing?"

A car had stopped beside her, the big blue Buick convertible, and all the Malones were hanging out the sides and grinning at her.

Ann dropped her arms. "Nothing," she said.

"You're crazy," Midge Malone said cheerfully. She was the one closest to Ann's age. "We're all going swimming, to Lake Amethyst."

"Won't you come on with us, Ann?" Mrs. Malone said. She was big and fat and rosy behind the wheel.

"No," Ann said. "No, I can't."

"Ah, c'mon. Why not?" Midge asked.

"I can't," Ann said. "I have to go to the

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"*It may be old and threadbare, but it gets me there and brings me back.*"

grocery for my mother."

"Bet you don't," Tim said. "Bet you're just sissy. Where's your money?"

Ann dug into her pocket and pulled out a twenty-five-cent piece. She held it out mutely.

"Ah . . ."

"Don't make her come if she doesn't want to," Mrs. Malone said. "Well, be seeing you, Ann. Come on over any time. 'Bye now."

The big car swept on.

To the lake beach, to the cheerful sounds of screaming in the water, to the bathhouses and the hot-dog stands and the canoes sliding along the surface of Lake Amethyst. To real swimming.

Ann walked on to the village, her arms hanging limp beside her. She was the only human left.

We're not that kind of people. We're our kind of people. We love the quiet things, the beautiful things. They'll all be yours someday.

The village lay burning in the sun, with no air stirring in it. Ann walked along in her loneliness, staring in the shopwindows: the drygoods store with babies' layettes on display; the newsstand with its magazines outside on a rack (*We don't read that sort of cheap magazine*); the drugstore with its window full of Whitman's Samplers (*Wouldn't you rather make your own, good candy, darling?*). Beyond the druggist's was the five-ten-and-twenty-five store, and Ann stopped again to examine the window crammed with all sorts of things—greeting cards, hair curlers, pearl-stud earrings, and a group of religious statuettes.

Then she saw it. It was the tiniest of the statues—a little figure of the Madonna, with a blue veil over her head, a white robe, and gold edging to the robe. Ann's heart turned over. It was beautiful, and she had discovered it for herself. She went into the store and found the counter where the statues were sold. There was a sign that read, "Devotional Goods, 25c-$1.00." She held her breath.

"How much is the little Madonna in the window?" she asked the fat, dark-haired girl.

"The little which?"

"The little Virgin—the mother," Ann mumbled.

"Like this?" The girl held out a duplicate. "A quarter."

"Yes. Only"—Ann swallowed—"can I have the one in the window?"

"They're all the same."

"I want—" She clenched her teeth; it took courage.

"I'll have to ask the floorwalker," the girl said disagreeably.

A man came at the ping of her bell. "O.K.," he said, smiling, when Ann had explained to him. "I guess we can get it out for the little lady."

AT last, she had it in her hands, inside a small paper bag; her money was paid, and she was on her way out. She began to walk home, and as soon as she was out of the village, she crumpled up the paper bag and threw it away. In her hands, the statue was as lovely as ever—all white and blue and gold, with the Madonna's face tiny and serene.

She wandered home, stopping every now and then to examine her precious possession. It seemed to get more and more beautiful, and she felt a slowly swelling pride. She would keep it wrapped in tissue paper in the bureau beside her bed, and on special occasions she would get it out and show it to people. Her mother would ask to show it. "Ann found this," she would say to friends. "I think it was amazing how she came to spy it. It was in the most ordinary little store. But it isn't what a thing costs that makes it beautiful." And when she was alone, she would take it out and set it on the top of the bureau to look at all she wanted.

Daddy was at home when she got there. He and her mother were sitting in the dim parlor, drinking iced tea.

"Hello, Annabel Lee," he said when she appeared in the doorway.

"Hello." She held her statue self-consciously in front of her; she hardly knew words to introduce her treasure.

"Would you like some lemonade, darling?" her mother said. "There are lemons in the icebox, if you want. Where on earth did you get that?"

Ann swallowed. Her head spun sharply once, as if reversing itself.

"That awful plaster figurine," her mother said, nodding. "Harry, look—cheap religious *Kunst*."

"You're not a convert, are you, pet?" Daddy said.

"Don't joke, Harry. Darling, did the Malones give you that?"

Ann stared at them both. Her face turned suddenly burning. "No!" she cried. "I bought it! It's beautiful, and it's mine, and I love it!"

She turned and ran up the front stairs, holding the Madonna in her hands, making for her own room as fast as she possibly could, where she could hurl herself on her bed, where she could cry—knowing all the time that it was not beautiful, that it was ugly, and that she hated it. —NANCY HALE

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His reported talkativeness aboard the train shifted to Curt Belligerence in the Oklahoma county jail.—*Baton Rouge (La.) State Times.*

That garrulous old fool.

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THE SPY

THE only time I have ever been spied on was three summers ago in Madrid. I had always before thought of spies as shadowy figures in trench coats standing in doorways, or leaning easily against the bar in the very best hotels. But my spy had a style of his own. He was a youngish, pale-brown man with an air of rather desperate discomfort, and light eyes blinking anxiously behind pink-rimmed glasses. I could never quite determine why he gave an impression of such seediness when, actually, he was dressed with pathetic care. I always saw him in the same neatly pressed dark woollen suit, sad and out of place in the heat of a Madrid August. His white shirt, a little tight around the neck, was clean; his black shoes were beginning to crack at the creases across the toes, but they were highly polished. Yet he looked somehow dusty, as if the air of respectability for which he strove sat uneasily on him. Possibly this was because he always carried a somewhat messy package wrapped in newspaper. I met him a couple of days after I arrived in Madrid.

My only letter of introduction to anyone in the city was to an art critic, Señor de Paez, who spoke no English. I had phoned and made an appointment with him, and, the day before we were due to meet, had called at one of the offices of the Spanish Tourist Bureau to ask if they could find me an interpreter to take along for the interview. The official there was most helpful, and asked the usual questions about how long I had been in Spain and what I was doing there. He looked up rather sharply at one of my answers. "So you are a writer, Señorita?" he said. "For newspapers?"

"Well, not exactly—"

"Ah, you write romances." He nodded, with a touch of scorn.

"No, no," I said. "I write travel books about different countries."

He dropped the subject at once and told me that his cousin's brother-in-law was free these days and would gladly act as my interpreter. He would be at my hotel at ten the next morning, a Friday.

It was eleven o'clock on Friday morning before the hotel desk phoned to say a gentleman was waiting for me. (One of the things about my spy that I finally came to accept with a sort of resigned irritation was his consistent unpunctuality.) When I got downstairs, I saw his tidy, nervous figure standing by the desk. He had a newspaper parcel under one arm.

"Good morning," I said briskly. "We'd better get started. We're late."

"*Cómo?*" He blinked several times, and then introduced himself formally, and at length, in Spanish.

"You do speak English, don't you?" I asked, with the gloomy certainty that, of course, he didn't.

He spoke slowly, still in Spanish. "No," he said. "Pardon me." Then he added eagerly, "You are going to the house of Señor de Paez. I shall accompany you."

It was already too late to phone the Tourist Bureau and demand explanations. There must, I thought, be some simple Spanish logic behind the whole thing. This man was an intermediary of some sort, an escort, perhaps. Perhaps the interpreter would be waiting at the other end.

IN the taxi on the way there, I worked out the Spanish for "Do you work for the Tourist Bureau?"

"No," the young man said, and smiled encouragingly.

After another pause, "Where *do* you work?" I insisted.

He made a long speech in Spanish, in which I caught the phrase "the Ministry of Industries."

We travelled the rest of the way practically in silence. I stared out of the window at the tangle of traffic and the pretentious buildings around the Puerta del Sol, glaringly clean and with a sharp definition of outline in the morning sunlight. It was still too early for the sidewalk cafés to be crowded, but beyond the old palace there was a lot of activity where some of the many new buildings of the city were going up. My companion told me timidly, "Madrileños say of their city, 'Madrid is never finished.'" He had a trick, when he made a comment, of waiting to see if you would smile before permitting himself to laugh.

"The buildings were destroyed during the civil war?" I asked.

He looked depressed. "The government is building many new houses."

When we got to Señor de Paez's house, I asked the taxi to wait for me. There was no interpreter there, and the interview without one could consist only of making another appointment. In my halting Spanish, I tried to explain to Señor de Paez what had happened. This would have been difficult enough anyhow, but it was made much worse by my escort, who kept interrupting with complicated explanations of his own, which I didn't understand and which seemed to puzzle Señor de Paez, too. In the end, Señor de Paez said to me, very slowly and clearly, that he was having a party the next evening, at which

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there would be a young man, a Señor Martin, who spoke some French, as I did; would I like to come? I accepted with relief, and got up to leave. The spy accompanied me to the door. I pointed to the taxi and asked if I could take him anywhere. He said, "No, it would not be polite for me to leave now."

With a faint hope of getting some clue to the muddle, I asked, "Please, how much money do I owe you? Or shall I pay at the Tourist Bureau?"

But when he shook his head very firmly and with apparent disapproval, I realized that it was useless to look for a coherent explanation, and repeated one of the most useful phrases from my Spanish book: "I much regret being a cause of trouble to you. Thank you very much."

"For nothing, for nothing," he said grandly, and closed the door.

I suppose that a more diligent traveller than I am would search for the reasons behind the mysterious little episodes that happen in foreign countries. I am apt to lump them all together in a useful and comprehensive category called the Language Barrier. The official at the Tourist Bureau couldn't, I assumed, have understood English as well as he seemed to. Possibly he had thought I was afraid to find my way about an unfamiliar city, and had, with typical Spanish gallantry, called on one of his friends to help me out.

It wasn't until the next evening at Señor de Paez's party that the explanation began to present itself.

"If he's still missing by Friday, how about you and me having a little dinner together somewhere?"

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I ARRIVED at the party at eight o'clock. The apartment, which had seemed large and dim by daylight, looked a little more cheerful that evening, although the salon still had that stuffy propriety that only a great deal of dark-red plush can give. On the walls were big, heavily framed oil paintings, and from the center of the ceiling hung a single naked electric-light bulb, which filled the room with an incongruous glare.

As Señor de Paez took me around the room, introducing me to each guest, I had the feeling that someone was walking just behind me. After I had mumbled and smiled at the last guest, I turned to find my escort of the day before standing there rather edgily, with his hand out. I shook hands with him and said, "I didn't know you were a *friend* of Señor de Paez."

"No," he said. "You have enjoyed yourself today?"

"I have done nothing today."

"You have stayed in your room and typed." He wiggled his fingers in front of my face to make his meaning clear.

"Yes," I said, first surprised and then cross. I would have liked to walk away, but since I knew no one else at the party, I stood staring resentfully at him. It occurred to me for the first time and with incredulous excitement that he might be a spy. He tried out one of his timid smiles and, getting no response, quickly withdrew it and led me across the room to the young man who spoke French.

Señor Martin was thin and handsome and, like everyone else that I had met in Spain, had beautiful manners. The spy and I sat, one on each side of him, on stiff little chairs, part of the large formal circle of guests. Everybody was talking quietly with his neighbors, except one man—a gypsy, Señor Martin told me—who sat alone playing small, spidery tunes on a guitar. In one corner of the room, on a table, there were bottles of red wine and plates of sliced sausage, tomatoes, and bread. Occasionally, people got up to help themselves and then returned to their seats and their conversations. While Señor Martin and I were talking, the spy watched us most solicitously, jumping up to refill our glasses, and each time making himself a neat little sandwich, which he munched with a slightly furtive air.

Señor Martin and I talked about the guests, most of them artists, and progressed from there to Señor de Paez, his collection of pictures, and the beauties of the samples displayed in the salon. These questions and answers moved at a slow pace, because everything had to be translated for the spy, who leaned anxiously across us, throwing in comments like "Spain has produced the greatest artists in the world" or "The Catholic Church has been the inspiration and protector of all great art." During one of his brief absences at the buffet, I asked Señor Martin whether

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"For heaven's sake, Mildred, it's my job."

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the spy was a friend of his, but he just looked infinitely preoccupied and continued to talk about art as if he hadn't heard me.

It must have been nearly an hour later, after many of the wine bottles had been emptied and placed under the table, and when people were talking with more animation and more laughter, that the guitarist started to play and sing with sudden passion and authority. The thin ladders of notes climbed up and up, trilled, and sank, and all the gaiety of the wine drifted away and a delicious sort of sadness took its place, a loneliness that engendered an urgent camaraderie. People longed to talk about themselves; they grew more earnest and drew their chairs into groups. The spy said hopefully, "It is beautiful, isn't it?" He took his glass and mine to the wine table.

The gypsy began another song:

Antonio has died [Señor Martin translated],
Let us all gather together and cry.
He lives in my heart.
All that knew him will sing,
We will sing to the Virgin Macarena.

The guests all applauded and cheered. Señor Martin said, "Antonio was a great artist, a great friend."

"A real person?"

"Oh, yes. Everything I know about painting I learned from him."

"You, too, are an artist?"

"Yes," he said. "A modern. I am not a Surrealist, though. I admire more Regoyos and Sorolla."

I had never heard either name before and acknowledged apologetically that I knew nothing about modern Spanish art.

"Have you not been to our Museum of Modern Art?" He seemed shocked that I hadn't, and offered to take me there the next day.

The spy returned with our wineglasses and a little sandwich just at the end of this conversation. "You are going to a museum?" he asked.

"Yes," I said, with a despairing feeling of being trapped.

"I will be at your hotel tomorrow at ten."

"You really mustn't trouble yourself," I said, trying to be firm in a language that is implacably polite.

"It is no trouble."

"You have already been too kind."

"No," he said, with finality. "I must accompany you."

Eventually, when I rose to leave the party, the spy asked, "You return directly to the hotel?"

"Yes," I said coldly, certain by now that he must be a spy, "I shall eat dinner there and then go to my room."

"Thank you," he said, in a tiny voice and with complete understanding of my tone. I suddenly felt sorry for him. And then I felt secretly and rather guiltily pleased at being important enough to be spied on.

I shook hands with Señor de Paez and with each guest, in turn, and found my way to the cool, dark street. From the window above, the clear voice of the gypsy sang a lament to María Dolorosa, and gradually, as I walked away, it became confused with other guitars and other voices, from the little wineshops, and with the chatter and bright bursts of laughter from the cafés, the traffic on the big boulevard, the bustle and the footsteps of the people taking an evening walk on the wide pavements. The shops were lighted and busy, the restaurants were preparing for their first customers, music poured from the open doors of the movie houses. It was the hour when Madrid is at its liveliest.

ON Sunday morning, I stood at the window of my hotel room staring out across the roofs of Madrid, a rosy, choppy sea that stretches out in wild confusion. I waited for the spy until half past ten, and then decided that I had been given the perfect opportunity to shake him off. He didn't know which museum Señor Martin and I were going to. He would not be able to follow, and I might have a chance to talk to Señor Martin without a distracting buzz of translations. I set out with the exhilarating feeling of playing truant.

Señor Martin was waiting on the steps of the museum. He shook hands, asked if I had enjoyed yesterday's party, apologized for the fact that the museum was crowded, because there was no entrance fee on Sunday, and, in a haze of conventionalities, led me in. We looked at a number of pictures, which seemed, to my untutored eyes, quite mediocre, but I couldn't really concentrate, because I was beginning to feel somewhat ashamed of myself. I kept thinking about my poor spy standing in the hotel lobby, distressed and unbelieving, while the porter told him that there was no answer from my room. I gazed in a trance of boredom

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at huge, dramatic canvases of historical scenes, moments of heroism, battles, and victories.

Señor Martin was telling me in endless detail the life story of one of the painters when, with a kind of relief, I saw the spy hurrying down the gallery, waving his newspaper parcel at us.

"I waited at the wrong museum," he said reproachfully.

"I'm sorry," I said, "but you were late."

"Yes, yes," he admitted miserably. "It is all my fault." After waiting at the Prado for half an hour, he had remembered that Señor Martin was fond of modern art, and had guessed that we might have gone to another museum. He was so delighted at having found me that he chatted along amiably and quite incomprehensibly during the rest of our tour through the galleries of nineteenth-century pictures, which occupied a surprisingly large part of the museum. "Modern" was apparently a flexible term in Spain.

It was when we reached the more recent work that my irritation began to rise again. I had asked Señor Martin why, in a museum devoted entirely to modern Spanish painters, there was only one early, and bad, Picasso. The spy replied promptly, "Spaniards do not like Picasso."

"They do not like Dali, either, or Miró?"

"No. You see that there are none here."

"But even if you don't like their pictures—" I began, and then gave up, because my Spanish isn't equal to arguments of that sort. I turned to Señor Martin to repeat my question, but the spy was determined that I should hear *his* explanation.

"The Spanish do not like Surrealism. We like simple art with much emotion."

In exasperation, I said, "I think with Picasso it is politics."

"No, no. It is simply taste."

After we left the museum, both Señor Martin and the spy accompanied me back to the hotel. "What are you doing this afternoon?" the spy asked.

"I study Spanish this afternoon."

"You have a teacher?"

"No," I said. "That is, yes. I mean I don't need one—I have a book."

"I shall return to the hotel—" he began.

"This will never do," I said, in English.

"Will do, will do," he repeated anxiously, in English. "The Spanish is not *all* indisciplinated."

I couldn't help laughing, and he took that as a good sign. "At four o'clock," he said, and bowed.

THE CELEBRATION IN THE PLAZA

The sentimentalist sends his mauve balloon
Meandering into air. The crowd applauds.
The mayor eats ices with a cardboard spoon.

See how that color charms the sunset air—
A touch of lavender was all we needed—
Then, pop! no floating lavender anywhere.

Hurrah, the pyrotechnic engineer
Comes with his sparkling tricks, consults the sky,
Waits for the perfect instant to appear.

Bouquets of gold splash into bloom and pour
Their hissing pollen downward on the dusk.
Nothing like this was ever seen before.

The viceroy of fireworks goes his way,
Leaving us with a sky so dull and bare
The crowd thins out—what conjures them to stay?

The road is cold with dew, and by and by
We see the constellations overhead.
But is that all? some little children cry.

All we have left, their pedagogues reply.

—Adrienne Cecile Rich

• •

FOR the rest of the three weeks that I was in Madrid, I saw my spy nearly every day, and in the end his neat figure carrying the inevitable newspaper parcel came to be inextricably connected in my mind with the summer city. I suppose in those early days I should have found some way of dismissing him. Certainly his slogans and solemn reciting of things the foreigner was expected to think bored me, and even as a guide he was really quite useless, full of misinformation, always getting lost, and keeping me waiting. But I did nothing about it, at first because I was rather flattered by having a spy of my own, and later because I had developed a sort of exasperated concern for him. If he was ever more than his usual hour or so late, I used to fret and wonder whether his extraordinary lack of organization had got him into trouble of some kind.

On the whole, I found it much simpler to tell him my appointments for the day than to let him find out from telephone operators, commissionaires, or taxi-drivers, or whatever his sources of information were, because I couldn't stand the suspense of the time between my arrival at, say, the Cathedral of San Isidro and the moment when I would see him puffing down the aisle toward me, bewildered and upset. Under his patriotic insistence that I see the sights of Madrid, I became a far more dutiful tourist than I had ever been before, and we would have the Spanish lessons that he patiently gave me every morning in palaces, museums, gardens, and churches, which were, at least, cooler than the grilling city outside.

Often, exhausted by this combination of a foreign language and concentrated doses of culture, I would invite him to have a drink or some lunch with me at the hotel. He never had a meal with me, but sometimes he would accept the drink. Sitting stiffly on the edge of a chair in the lounge, his newspaper package tucked away behind him, he was never entirely at his ease, and would usually make his little joke: "Shall I order whiskey?" I would always laugh politely to show that I knew whiskey was so fabulously expensive compared with other drinks that only the very rich and foreigners could afford it. We

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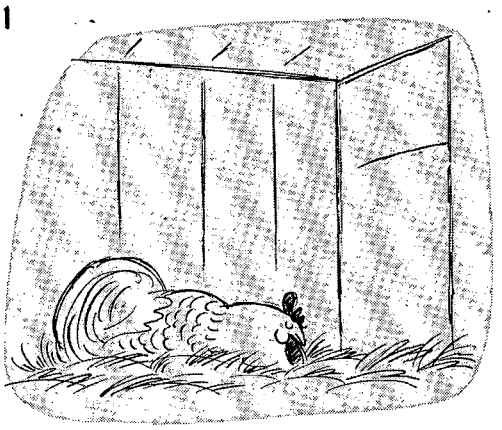

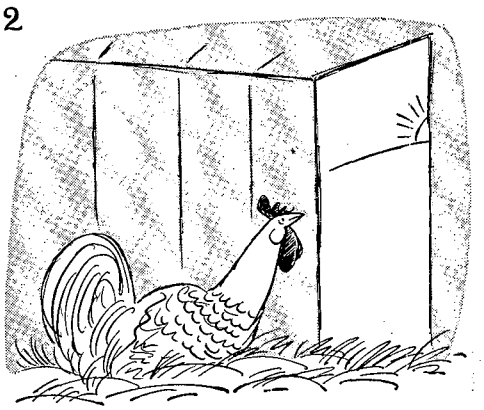

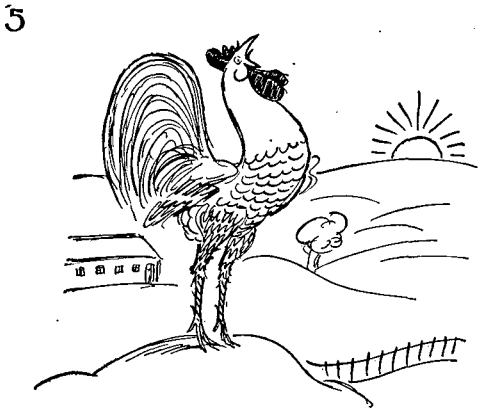

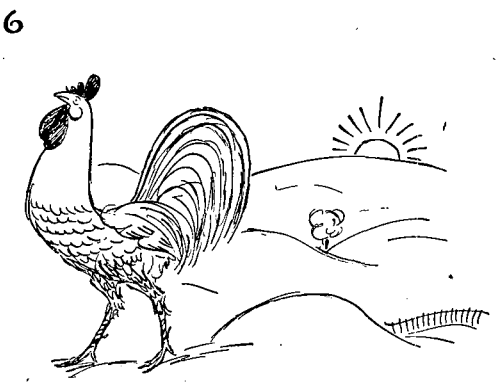

always ended by having sherry.

Although I had oppressively many opportunities to talk to my spy, I never discovered anything very much about his life. He was always ready to escort me on any excursion at any time of day; he seemed to have no life or friends of his own. I thought that "looking after" foreigners must be a very dreary kind of job, and I tried, by taking long siestas in the afternoon and going up to my room immediately after dinner, to give him a chance to see his family or have some time to himself.

I asked him once if he was married.

"Not yet," he said casually.

"Are you engaged?"

"Yes. I have been engaged for six years."

"When will you get married?"

"It is not yet the time."

On another occasion, when I was invited for cocktails with some Americans at the Ritz, I asked him to come along, too. With an air of considerable confusion, he said he couldn't.

"Oh, do come," I said. "You can practice English, and it is better than to ask the bartender what we say."

"It is not that I am not pleased," he said formally. "But I cannot go in these clothes."

"I like your suit very much," I said, hoping that I had not shamed him but knowing that I had.

"My other suit is not real," he said.

"You mean you have no other suit?"

"Yes, I have, but it is made of paper." He said this with forced lightness and waited to see if I would smile. When I did, he considered the joke established and laughed himself. I wondered if being seen with me—a foreigner—meant that he had to wear his best suit every day, instead of the one made of what I assumed must be ersatz material.

Apart from occasional conversations like that, my spy remained a withdrawn, rather dull, mystery.

IT was shortly before I left Madrid that the glittering summer heat broke. One morning, when the spy and I were seeing yet another monument, and I was repeating my overworked phrases of appreciation—"How beautiful it is!" and "That is truly magnificent!"—the thunder that had been muttering about for a couple of hours crashed immediately overhead, making people start and smile at each other. The spy and I stood in the shelter of the doorway, at the head of a long flight of marble steps leading down to the street, and watched the traffic slow down and the people hurry away. In the rain, Madrid becomes suddenly a shabby city. The awnings in front of the shops and cafés become dingy and slack, chairs and tables are stacked in a damp, abandoned line close to the walls of restaurants, the chill dripping from the trees on the boulevard makes untidy puddles of mud.

The storm didn't last very long, and soon the spy and I started down the steps. It was then that the thing happened. I slipped on the wet marble and would have fallen if the spy hadn't twisted round and gripped my arm. In his surprise and abrupt movement, the newspaper parcel flew from his hand and went bounding gently down the steps, unwinding as it fell. The paper blew away near the bottom of the steps. The spy and I stood staring with a kind of paralyzed concentration at the bread roll that had been in the parcel, as it spun slowly across the pavement toward the dirty water rushing along the gutter. It didn't fall in. The spy made a slight noise, something like a sigh, and we both walked on down to the street.

He picked up the roll and looked at it vaguely for a moment. At last, he smiled at me in his timid way, wiped the moisture off the bread, and put it in his pocket. He said, in an ordinary sort of voice, "It is bread from the ration. I bring it for my lunch."

"Only bread?" I asked, because those were the first words that occurred to me.

"In a *colmado*, I can buy a glass of wine and perhaps some sausage with it."

I didn't say anything. He continued rather wearily with his explanation, as though I were a particularly obtuse child. "Bread on the ration is four pesetas a kilo," he said. "But the ration is not sufficient. In this part of town, to buy extra bread—"

"Black-market bread?"

"Why not? It is ten pesetas a kilo. In the part of town where I live, it is eight pesetas, so I bring the ration bread and my mother and sister eat the other."

"Look," I said, filled with a confused wish to do something—cover my embarrassment, probably—"I'm poor, too. Let us eat lunch together."

"Poor?" he said, with a bitterness that startled me. "You are a foreigner."

"I can still be poor."

"With many clothes? Living in a

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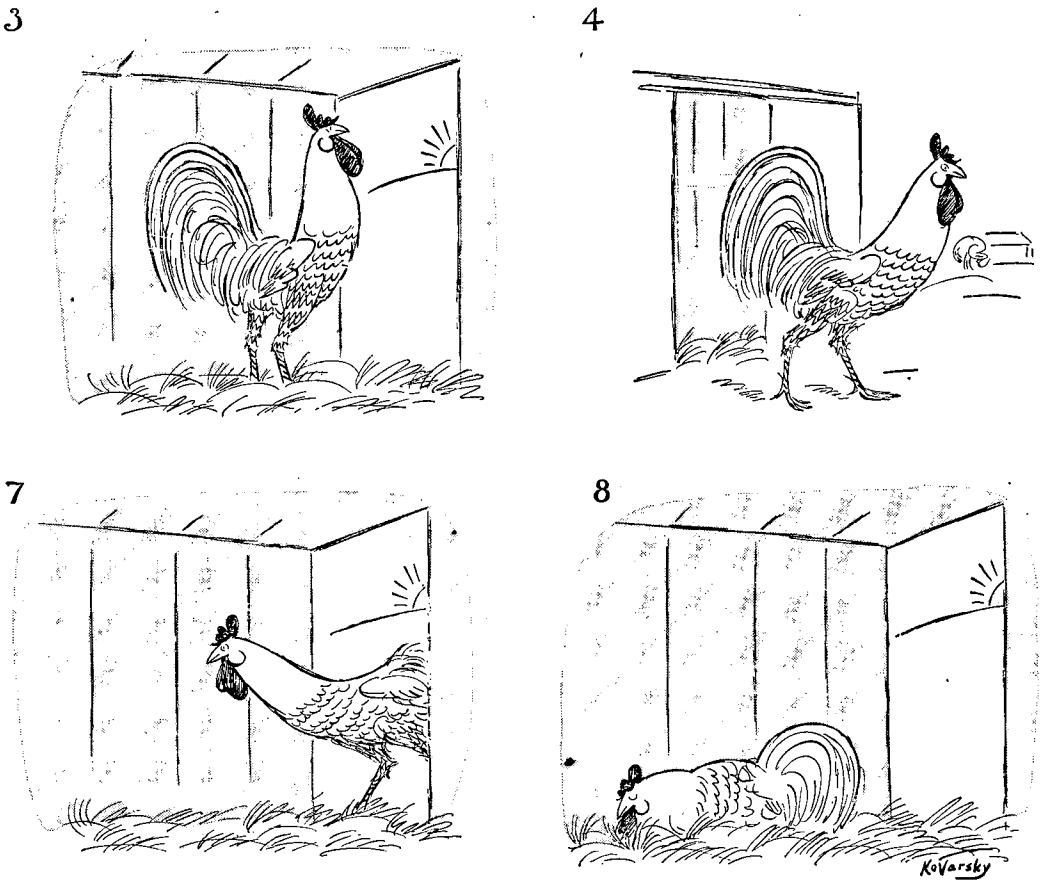

hotel? Smoking American cigarettes?"

"But I don't drink whiskey," I interrupted, with an attempt at flippancy.

He smiled politely. "Will you do me the honor of having a glass of wine with me?" he said.

This was the first time he had ever invited me anywhere, and he took me not to one of the tourist restaurants that he had so often recommended but to a small, dark cave in one of the city's narrow side alleys. There we sat on a wooden bench and sipped sour red wine out of thick glasses. The place was cool and smelled of a musty damp. A few workmen in overalls sat at one table, exchanging shouted remarks with the bartender.

I didn't know how to return to the noncommittal conversations we used to have. I might have known that the inescapable courtesy of the Spaniard would rise to such an occasion. "Do not be sorry," the spy said encouragingly. "Spain is a poor country. It has always been so."

"I understand," I said, "but a government servant—" I wanted to say, "shouldn't have to scrimp over two pesetas for bread," but I didn't know either the words or that construction in Spanish, even if I had had the courage to say it.

He put in quickly, "I am more lucky than most. My job at the Ministry gives me eight hundred a month, and sometimes in my vacation month the cousin of my sister-in-law recommends me for a job like this." He had never before referred to his spying job. I waited for him to elaborate, but he only said, "Besides, we are a very small family."

"How many are you?"

"My sister and our mother."

"What does your sister do?"

"She cannot find work." He added irrelevantly, "None of us smoke."

I said, "What?"

"She sells our cigarette ration."

"On the black market?"

He seemed amused at my insistence. "Like everybody," he answered.

"But when," I asked, trying to work out his finances in my head, "will you get married?"

"At the moment, it is enough to live," he said easily. Then, with a sort of exhausted patience, "My brother is married and has children. He works in a furnace"—this took a certain amount of explanation, a little pantomime of how a fire is stoked, and the mask over the stoker's face—"and he is sick. He works fourteen hours a day and earns six hundred pesetas a month. His wife must take care of the children. It is not enough to live, but what can they do? How will they continue? They never"—he searched for something I would understand—"for instance, go to the cinema. He has not even taken the tram in to the Puerta del Sol once in the last year." He shrugged and said with no feeling in his voice, almost lightly, "You think everything in Madrid is beautiful. I could show you a Madrid that only Spaniards see."

"Why are you not angry?" I asked. "Why aren't all Spaniards angry?"

He repeated my question, not understanding it.

"I speak badly. Pardon me," I said, trying to find words to convey the idea of resentment. "Why do you not take money—steal it?"

At this, the spy began to laugh. "It is easy to say steal a million pesetas from the bank, but where will I get the fifty céntimos for the tram fare?"

When the spy took me back to the hotel, I said, "I am going to a bullfight this afternoon. Tomorrow I would like very much to see the Madrid that only Spaniards see."

He looked at me in an entirely absent way and repeated his usual formula: "I shall be at your hotel tomorrow at ten."

I never saw my spy again. He phoned the next day to say he was ill, and he sounded both ill and apologetic. He promised to phone again, but he never did. I wondered whether it was embarrassment at the bread-roll incident or the fear, perhaps, that he had betrayed himself into the hands of a foreigner that kept him away. More likely, it was simply that whoever made such decisions had come to the conclusion that my activities in Madrid were too innocuous to deserve my spy's full-time attention. In any case, I was leaving Madrid a day or two later. I wanted to write him a note of thanks before I went, but I remembered then that I had never known his address.

—Santha Rama Rau

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IT'S ABOUT TIME DEPARTMENT

[*From the Albuquerque Journal*]

A free marriage will be granted the alert couple which can be out of bed and at the court house Saturday morning at 9:30 o'clock.

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THE POND

At the long meadow's end, where the road runs
High on a bank, making a kind of wall,
The rains of last October slowly built
Us up this pond, some hundred yards across,
And deep maybe to the height of a man's thigh
At the deepest place. It was surprising how
Slowly the water gained across the land
All autumn, no one noticing, until
We had the pond, where none had been before
To any memory, most surprising in
This country, where we think of contours as
Fixed on a map and named and permanent,
Where even if a stream runs dry in summer
You have the stream bed still to go by and
The charted name—Red Branch, and Henry's Creek,
And Anthony Race—for reassurance, though
The reason of those names be sunken with
The men who named them so in the natural past,
Before our history began to be
Written in book or map—our history,
Or the settled story that we give the world
Out of the mouths of crones and aged poachers
Remembering or making up our kinship
In the overgrown swamplands of the mind.
Here was, at any rate, surprisingly,
This piece of water covering the ground—
Clear blue, and pale, and crisping up to black
Squalls when the north wind moved across its face.
The question whether it would go or stay
Never came up, and no one gave it a name;
Only the water birds on their way south
Accepted it, and rested there at night,
Coming at dusk down the meadow on wide wings
And splashing up on beating wings at dawn.

By Christmastime the pond was frozen solid
Under a foot of snow, level and white
Across the meadow, so you couldn't say
Except from memory where the water was
And where the land, and maybe no adult
Would have remembered, but the children did
And brought their skates, and someone's father patched
Together a plow from plank and two-by-four
That half a dozen kids could lean against
And clear the snow down to the glittering ice.
They skated all the darkening afternoons
Until the sun burnt level on the ice,
And built their fires all along the shore
To warm their hands and feet, and skated nights
Under the full moon or the dark; the ice
Mirrored the moon's light or the fire's, cold.
There was a tragedy, if that is what
One calls it. The newspaper called it that—
"Pond Claims First Victim" (it still had no name)—
As though a monster underneath the ice
Had been in wait to capture the little boy
Skating in darkness all alone, away
From the firelight (the others heard his cry,
But he was gone before they found the place),
Or else as though, a tribe of savages,
We sanctified our sports with sacrifice.
At any rate, the skating didn't stop,
Despite the funeral, and motherly gloom,
And editorials. What happened was
The pond took the boy's name of Christopher,
And this was voted properly in meeting
For a memorial and would be so
On the next map, when the next map was drawn:
"Christopher Pond"—if the pond should still be there.

The winter set its teeth—near Eastertide,
Before the pond was free of ice all night,
And by that time the birds were coming back
Leisurely, staying a day or so before
They rose and vanished in the northward sky;
Their lonely cries across the open water
Played on the cold, sweet virginal of spring
A chaste, beginning tune, carried along
With a wind out of the east. Killdeer and plover
Came and were gone; grackle, starling, and flicker
Settled to stay; and the sparrow hawk would stand
In the height of noon, a stillness on beating wings,
While, close over the water, swallows would trace
A music nearly visible in air,
Snapping at newborn flies. Slowly the pond
Warmed into life: cocoon and bud and egg,
All winter's seed and shroud, unfolded being
In the pond named for Christopher, who drowned.
By day the birds, and then the frogs at night,
Kept up a music there, part requiem,
Part hunting song; among the growing reeds
The water boatman worked his oar, the strider
Walked between air and water, dragonfly
Climbed to be born, and dazzled on clear wings.
Then, day by day, in the heat of June, the green
World raised itself to natural arrogance
And the air sang with summer soon to come.

In sullen August, under the massy heat
Of the sun towering in the height, I sat
At the pond's edge, the indeterminate,
Soft border of what no longer was a pond
But a swamp, a marsh, with here and there a stretch
Of open water, even that half spread
With lily pads and the rich flesh of lilies.
And elsewhere life was choking on itself,
As though, in spite of all the feeding there,
Death could not keep the pace and had to let
Life curb itself: pondweed and pickerelweed
And bladderwort, eelgrass, and delicate
Sundew and milfoil peopled thick the city
Of themselves; and dragonfly and damsel fly
By hundreds darted among the clustering leaves;
Striders by hundreds skated among the stalks
Of pitcher plant and catkin; breathless the air
Under the intense, quiet whining of
All things striving to breathe—the gift of life
Turning its inward heat upon itself.
So, Christopher, I thought, this is the end
Of dedication, and of the small death
We sought to make a name and sacrifice:
The long year has turned away, and the pond
Is drying up, while its remaining life
Grasps at its own throat; the proud lilies wilt,

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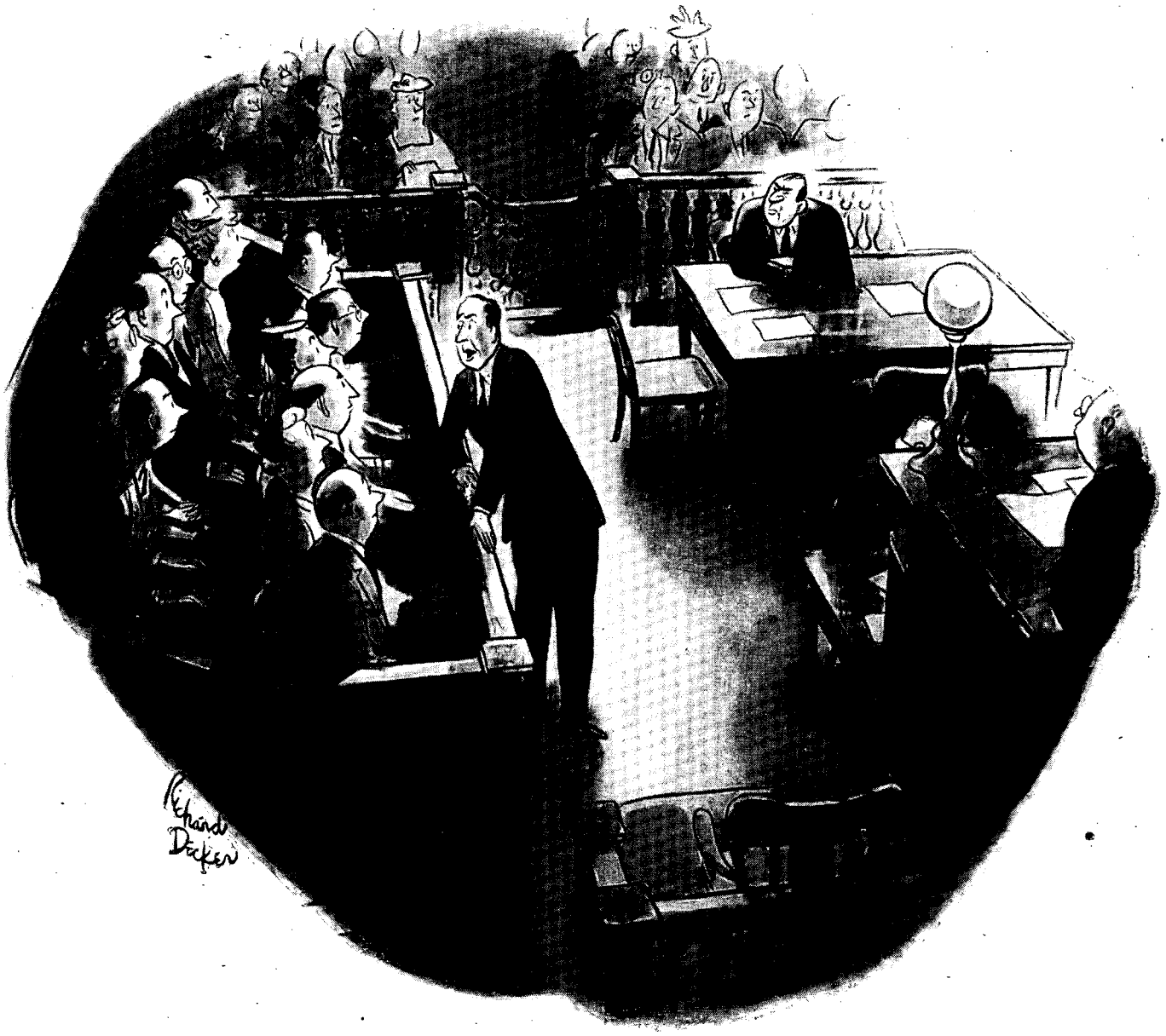
The milfoil withers, catkins crack and fall,
The dragonfly glitters over it all.
All that your body and your given name
Could do in accidental consecrations
Against nature returns to nature now—
And so, Christopher, goodbye,
But with these thoughts
There came a dragonfly and settled down
On a stem before my eyes, and made me think
How in nature, too, there is a history,
And that this winged animal of light,
Before it could delight the eye, had been
In a small way a dragon of the deep,
A killer and meat-eater on the floor
Beneath the April surface of the pond,
And that it rose and cast its kind in May,
As though putting away costume and mask
In the bitter play and taking a lighter part.
And, thinking so, I saw with a new eye
How nothing given us to keep is lost
Till we are lost, and immortality
Is ours until we have no use for it
And live anonymous in nature's name,
Though named in human memory and art.
Not consolation, Christopher, though rain
Fill up the pond again and keep your name
Bright as the glittering water in the spring—
Not consolation but our acquiescence.
And I made this song for a memorial
Of yourself, boy, and the dragonfly together.

—Howard Nemerov



"The prosecution is right in calling my client 'cunning, dangerous, and incorrigible'—so much so that I quail at the prospect, should he be sent to prison, of his escaping and singling out for his own primitive, retributive justice those who have been instrumental in sending him there."

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"Watch out for him. He just had his wheels oiled."

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OUR FAR-FLUNG CORRESPONDENTS

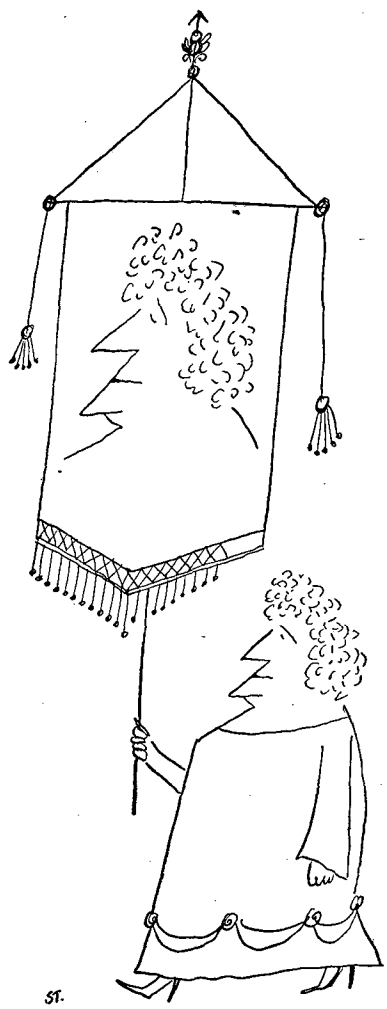
THE WISDOM AND COURAGE OF UNCLE ERNEST

BLACK SHEEP RETREAT,
LAMPASAS COUNTY, TEXAS

MY Uncle Ernest Coleman Walker, who was well along into his seventy-eighth year when he killed himself with a bullet from a .41-calibre revolver on the morning of last June 15th, was in almost every respect a cowman of the old school; that is to say, he was brave, he lived a life of spectacular ups and downs, he was a wiry bundle of prejudices, he was articulate, and he was congenitally skeptical. Like most cowmen, he never had much schooling, but he spoke clear and effective English, he understood a financial statement as well as any banker, and his native shrewdness had been reinforced by years of observation and hard experience. Concerning the great issues that have absorbed the thinkers of mankind (What is life? Why are we here? What is truth? What, if any, is the nature of the hereafter?), he remained to the end, as far as I was able to determine, merely an intelligent seeker, never quite satisfied. He had a sort of puzzled, grudging respect for faith, but he respected doubt more.

There is a theory, or credo, in the range country that close association with cattle—raising them, living with them, buying and selling them, and so on—has a tendency to give a man a number of admirable qualities of character and bearing that can be acquired in no other way. At their best, these qualities are supposed to produce a nobility that cannot be found among big businessmen, politicians, or even learned scientists. In my opinion, this theory is nonsense, but there it stands, and it is something to be reckoned with. Not even I, his close friend for more than fifty years, would have called my Uncle Ernest noble, but he did have a certain dignity, and in my view, at least, he was always a gallant and attractive figure. Up to the very day he embarked upon his *jornada de la muerte* (he always considered that the most beautiful of Spanish phrases), his mind was perfectly clear, and he could recall in exact detail cattle trades he had made before the time of the Boer War—how many steers, how much they weighed, how much he had paid for them, and how much he had made or lost on the deal.

UNCLE ERNEST rode away from home, down on the Lampasas River, when he was eighteen years old. It was a matter of lifelong regret to him that for more than a year after he left he didn't write to his mother. One of his first jobs was on the great Bell Ranch, in New Mexico. He learned what it meant to ride ninety miles without food, in choking alkali dust. He associated with hard men—fugitives and killers—and somehow held his own. He learned to like the taste of marrow gut, eaten with the Apaches. He roped wild steers in the terrible brush country of southern Texas, and became known as an expert handler of cattle in all sorts of circumstances. For five years, he shipped skinny cattle to Cuba, and ever afterward he remembered with loathing the heat and the smells as the bawling beasts were shoved onto the boats at Galveston. He pastured cattle in the sand hills of Nebraska, and remembered that country as a cow paradise. He operated for several years in the Osage country of Oklahoma. He made deals along the Mexican border, in Louisiana, and as far west as Tucson, Arizona. Back on his home grounds,



he once, with the help of a dozen hand-picked cowboys, drove a herd of eighteen hundred steers through the middle of the town of Lampasas, because that was the shortest way to the Santa Fe railroad loading pens just east of there. He was regarded as a good man with horses, but inclined to be a hard rider. He was a keen observer of animals, grass, and people. It was said that he could ride around a herd of two thousand steers on the open range and guess their average weight within five pounds. He sometimes spoke of the strange sights he had seen, like the place in the Big Bend where, because of a peculiarity of the atmosphere, "the ravens seemed seven feet tall."

My uncle was a friendly sort, with a mildly jocose manner, but he was quick to fight. Once, he and an old friend, using red-hot branding irons for weapons, fought a duel on the courthouse square in Lampasas—a square on which, over the last century, at least fifty-six men have been shot to death. Neither of the adversaries won a clear decision. When Uncle Ernest was past seventy, he offered to shoot it out with a young man who he thought had insulted him. While in town, he made a point of dressing well. I have seen him in his earlier days ride into Lampasas after a week in the brush—tired, dirty, dispirited. He would go straight home, bathe and shave, put on a clean white shirt and fresh boots, and show up in an hour or so at the corner saloon to josh with other cowboys. (Always a slender man, he had tiny feet, and wore a 6-AAA shoe.) He married a beautiful, red-headed girl, but they had their differences and separated amicably. Sometimes he made money, but, like most men who range widely, he was often broke. His judgment was much respected. One day, in a remote part of western Oklahoma, he came upon a splendid herd of steers that was for sale. He knew it was a bargain, but this was during one of his broke periods. He pulled a piece of brown wrapping paper from a chuck wagon and wrote a check for a hundred and sixty thousand dollars on a Fort Worth bank, and then wired the bank what he had done. Such was his reputation that the bank honored the check, and the deal worked out well for all concerned. Many years ago, I was talking to a banker from Kansas City who was attending a cattlemen's convention in the Adolphus Hotel, in Dallas, when Uncle

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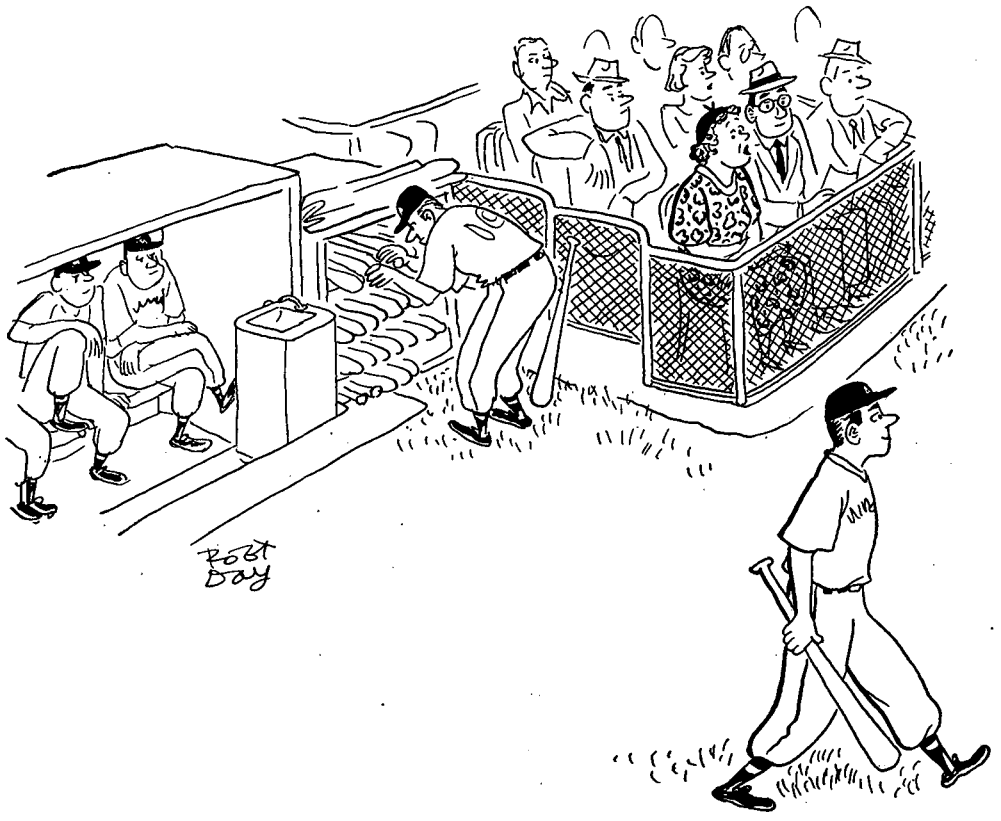

"Well, he doesn't look like any two hundred thousand dollars to me."

• •

Ernest happened to walk across the lobby. "See that man?" the banker said. "I've bought tens of thousands of cattle on his say-so, and most of them I never even saw. I didn't have to. A strange thing about him—the cattle were always exactly as he had represented them to be. Except, usually, they were just a little bit better."

The time came when Uncle Ernest went broke for good. His last pile of money—thirty-five thousand dollars—went down the rathole when he tried to save an old friend from bankruptcy. Indeed, from around 1925 until the morning he put a bullet through his brain, he had been unable to make anything resembling a comeback. In the late twenties, he was in bed or on crutches most of the time. Old gunshot wounds bothered him. Both legs had been broken in falls. One lung was gone. When he finally got back on his feet, an automobile in which he was riding turned over and his chest was crushed. Later, he developed neuritis, arthritis, and an enlarged heart, which gave him much trouble. His stomach had been damaged by the dreadful food of the cow camps of his youth. Toward the end, it was all he could do to get out of bed or rise from a chair. I suspected what the nature of the end would be when he said to me, "I must not get down. I do not intend to get down."

SO in the last weeks my uncle did his roadwork around the hot, dusty courthouse square of the old cowtown of Lampasas, tottering pathetically, supporting himself with an odd diamond-willow walking stick that a brother-in-law had sent him from Alaska. A new generation had grown up, to whom he was merely a crippled, polite, and amusing codger who, the old folks said, used to be a whale of a cowman. As often as he would come, I had him out to my little ranch, thirteen miles northeast of town, and we talked a great deal. One shot of whiskey, with a little sugar and water, followed by a dinner of beefsteak or roast beef, and he would appear cheerful, though not for long. Some people can take painful illness and the debilitating sense of being hopelessly broke with calm resignation—a faculty that is highly spoken of by some moralists. But not my Uncle Ernest. He was angry about the whole dirty deal. He wanted to ride a fine horse again, and ship vast herds of fat cattle, and stop at grand hotels and smoke Havana cigars, and meet on even terms with the nabobs of the cow world.

Sitting under the live-oak trees at my ranch, or by the fireplace, where he could set the screen aside and send a sizzling stream of tobacco juice onto the glowing logs, we discussed a thousand topics. Or, rather, I mostly listened. He had, to a marked degree, the cow-country habit of seeking out maxims, or aphorisms, that would stand the test of experience and common sense. For years, while resting in bed, he had been devoted to a tattered old copy of Elbert Hubbard's "Scrap Book." That and a biography of Napoleon. I lent him the books of quotations assembled by Bartlett, Stevenson, and Mencken, and he enjoyed them, but he always sneaked back to Elbert Hubbard, as to a pair of comfortable old shoes. It was natural, probably inevitable, that Uncle Ernest should himself become a sort of sage, a freehand cow-country philosopher. I made a point of jotting down many of his statements—some pretty shrewd, some petty or open to grave question—and I present a few of them herewith, as a sample of Truth as observed, refined, and summed up by a genuine cowman:

Gratitude. I'm in favor of doing kind deeds, and trying to help people wherever possible, but it is a mistake ever to expect gratitude in return. Many a time, I've spent half a day working to rescue a cow that had got down in a bog. Generally, the first thing the old girl would do when she got on her feet was to try to hook my guts out.

Looks. If you are buying a cow, examine her face. If she has a hard, masculine face, be careful. She may be of good blood, and a good rustler, and big-boned, and all that, but she will not be a good mother. Watch for the feminine expression. Young men might do well to follow this rule when they are picking a wife. A woman with a man's face is not worth a damn as a mother.

Youth. As a man grows older, he should cultivate youthful friends and acquaintances, instead of sticking exclusively to people of his own age, even if these people are old cronies. The old friends die, and if there are no younger ones to take their place, a man begins to feel mighty lonesome. That is one of the many mistakes I've made in this life.

The Almighty. It must have been around 1891 when I first began to have serious doubts about the omnipotence and the benevolence of God. Anyhow, it was the time I discovered that a female possum gives birth to about eighteen babies in a litter. The little ones immediately make a scramble for the

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tits, where they hang on for many days. But there are only twelve tits. That means that six little possums must die. This fact, for me, knocked the props out from under the idea of an all-loving Creator. If there is a God, then He is either occupied with other matters or He is unnecessarily cruel or He is simply incompetent.

Sweet Mystery. It does seem to be the fact that no matter how homely a man is, or how lowdown, or lazy, or dirty, or unpleasant, somewhere, somehow, if he only half tries, he can find some woman who will see lovable qualities in him and will coo over him and take care of him—sometimes even fight for him. This, to me, is one of the permanent mysteries of life. A homely woman, on the other hand, is often in tough luck.

Kansas. I admit to a long-standing prejudice against the State of Kansas and its people. Many times I have been hornswoggled in that state, and the courts always sided with the Kansans. Bleeding Kansas! Let her bleed! It has always been the home of troublesome people, and the birthplace of fool ideas. It is true that I have met a few agreeable Kansans in my time. I was always surprised.

The Sabbath. Many religious persons have scruples against doing business on Sunday, although these vary considerably with the circumstances. But here is one valuable tip: You can always do business with Baptists on Sunday—buy their cattle or their sheep, or trade horses—and it is perfectly all right, because Baptists are saved anyhow. No commerce they engage in on Sunday can possibly weaken their hold on Heaven. This is both a comforting thought and often a useful thing to know.

Trade. One of the great fallacies—and it is strange how many persons hold it, even in the cattle country—is that in trade someone must win and someone must lose. Every person involved in any transaction ought to make at least a little. The cattle business is an excellent example of this. The man who tries to hog it all, and regards a customer as an adversary, is not only mistaken in his thinking and his morals but he is a fool, and will eventually suffer.

Diet. You are what you eat. The best food is beef. One of the reasons for the decline of the British Empire—though there are many—is no doubt the poor food they have had to put up with. Fried sowbelly and beans damn near ruined the South. When you hear a man say it doesn't make any difference what

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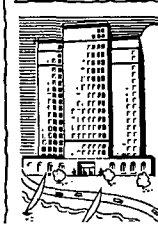
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he eats, put him down as a sick man or a fool. If you don't believe diet makes a difference, try raising beef cattle for a few years.

Prohibition. The rise of prohibition, which was largely a Kansas invention, was one of the worst things that ever happened to this country, and the fight against it is not yet over. More than half the counties of Texas are officially dry today, and so is the State of Oklahoma, the paradise of bootleggers. I always found it distasteful to do business in dry counties. I never cared to discuss a cattle deal over a milk shake. I preferred to do business with human beings.

Texans. People make a mistake to rate the so-called Texas character too highly. There have been some wonderful Texans, but in general Texans have little to brag about. The state was settled mostly by second-rate folks on the lam from Tennessee. What can you expect from such people?

Beauty. The prettiest sight in the world is a big bunch of white-faced calves on a rich pasture. Next is a pretty, red-headed girl in a green dress.

UNCLE ERNEST, toward the end, lived in a small but comfortable room on the ground floor of the Keystone Hotel, an old stone inn a block from the courthouse square in Lampasas. He lived on an old-age pension and the occasional furtive help of friends. He kept up an outward show of bantering good humor, but some of us knew he was going down fast. On his last visit to my place, he brought the talk around to death several times, and he was insistent that when he died I see to it that his funeral be kept extremely simple. He didn't want any prayers or hymns, or, indeed, any religious observance whatever. "You can just get up and say a few words," he told me.

I was profoundly touched by this, but I tried to pass it off lightly. I told him that, of course, I would do what he asked, but that everyone hoped he would be around a long time. "Besides," I said, "if I did the talking at the funeral, I'm afraid it would set organized religion in Texas back at least fifty years."

"That might not be a bad idea," he replied.

On the Saturday before my uncle's death, I dropped by his room and asked him to come out for the weekend. He was evasive, and finally said that he'd better not, that he had some things he had to attend to. This disturbed me, for I knew he had nothing in particular to

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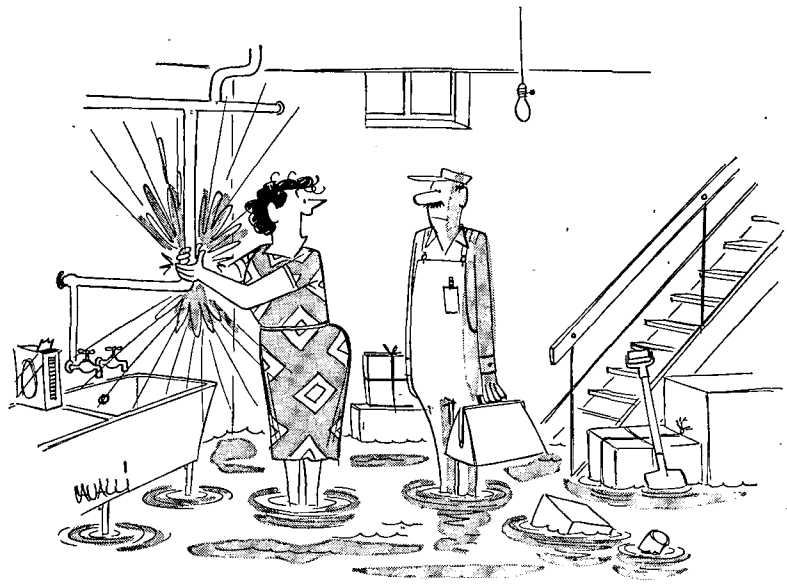

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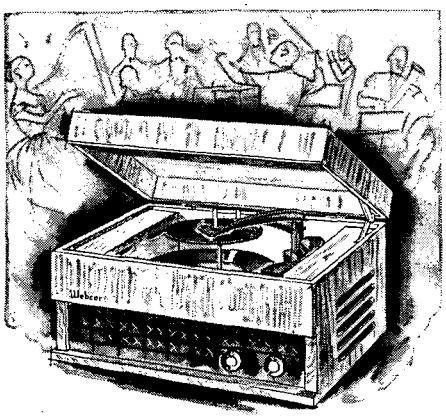

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do except the one thing I dreaded most. He gave me a large framed photograph of himself, taken seven years before, that showed him silhouetted against a Texas sky and trying feebly to go through the motions of throwing a rope, a business at which he had once been expert. He said he didn't have room for the picture and wanted me to have it. This, too, I interpreted as an ominous sign. No one knew he had a gun.

At nine-thirty on Tuesday morning, there was a loud report from the little washroom and shower room at one end of the Keystone's back porch, two doors from Uncle Ernest's room. Jess Nance, in his farm-finance office around the corner from the hotel, heard it, exclaimed, "I'll bet that's Ernest Walker!," and ran over. Knighton West, the owner of the Keystone, also heard the explosion and came running. The story was finished. The revolver had contained six cartridges, but Uncle Ernest had needed only one. He was a good shot; as a young man, he could shoot the heads off prairie chickens from horseback while riding through a pasture.

I was shaving when Gladys McGuire, an old schoolmate of mine and a good friend of my uncle's, telephoned the news to me. I drove to town as fast as possible, and reached the undertaking establishment soon after the body had been brought in. I was met by Jerome Byrne, the justice of the peace, and Gordon Cass, the county attorney. They had a batch of letters that had been found in my uncle's room. It was obvious that he had spent a whole week painfully writing letters—to old friends, to the hotel manager, to the justice of the peace, to relatives, and so on. He left forty-five dollars in cash and three insurance policies, on which he had borrowed heavily. His letters contained apologies for embarrassing people and explained that he could not bear the prospect of becoming bedridden and being a burden. He left detailed, thoughtful instructions about everything, including what he was to be buried in—a gray suit that hung, freshly pressed, on the door of his room, and a clean white shirt. His note to me proved that he had not been jesting: He really meant for me, and me alone, to do the talking at the funeral service, which was to be held at the graveside in the plot where his mother and father and sister were buried.

WELL, I couldn't let Uncle Ernest down, and the next morning at eleven o'clock out at Oak Hill Ceme-

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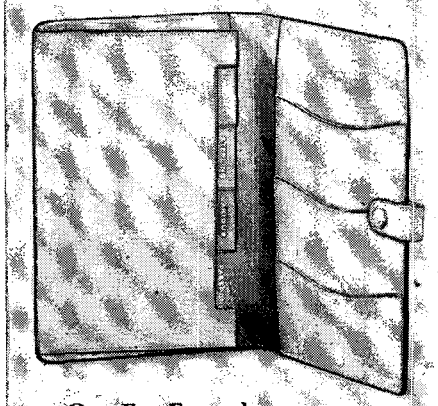

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tery I did the best I could for him, and then it was all over. He had asked that no flowers be sent, but many were sent anyway. The pallbearers were a fine-looking group of men, mostly ranchers, and some of them had learned their trade as pupils of Uncle Ernest long decades ago. Probably a hundred persons were there. Some looked very old and weather-beaten, and as I talked, I could see tears trickling down several faces. He had more friends than he realized. Many would have taken him into their homes, but he was too proud for that.

As we were leaving, one of the pallbearers, a big, bluff, red-faced rancher, was stopped by an old woman, a pious type, who was sorrowing and upset. "I loved him," she said. "He shouldn't have done it. He must have been out of his mind."

"No," said the cowman gently. "He was not out of his mind. He knew exactly what he was doing, and why. He had a better mind than any of us—and a hell of a lot more courage."

—STANLEY WALKER

•

My guess is that the best opening wedge for a writer who has not yet sold *True Story* is striking and unusual material not available to everyone—whether from first-hand experience or research—but capable of stirring everyone's emotion, such as the case of the boy who shoots his brother. The more important and intense the experience is in real life, the more solidly you can build your plot from its dramatic events. Give those events full play; put in every detail that will make this *one particular person's experience.*

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No. But we're sick, too.

•

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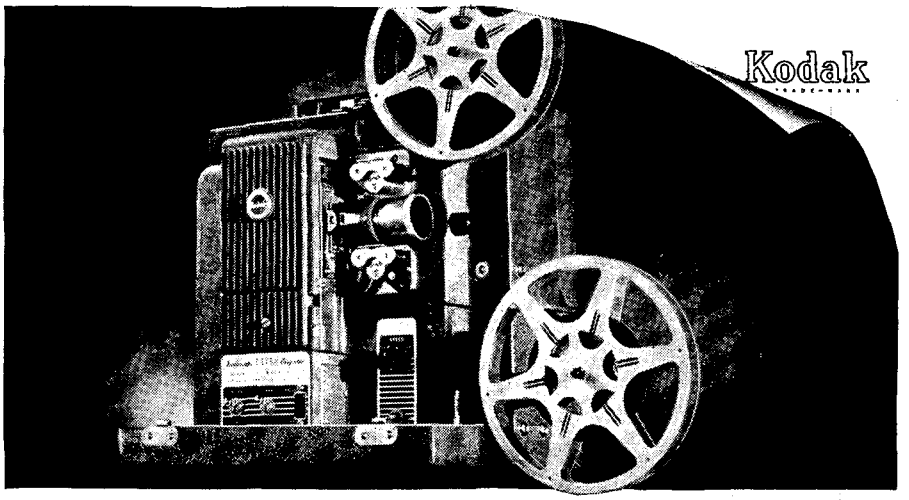
[*Sidney Skolsky in the Post*]

Later, Miss Simmons has a visitor, who keeps her company while waiting. Stewart Granger. She appears to be delighted to see him and they chat, softly. Jean and Stewart probably have much to discuss because at home the Grangers usually have dinner in separate rooms, each with an individual television set. She doesn't like sports.



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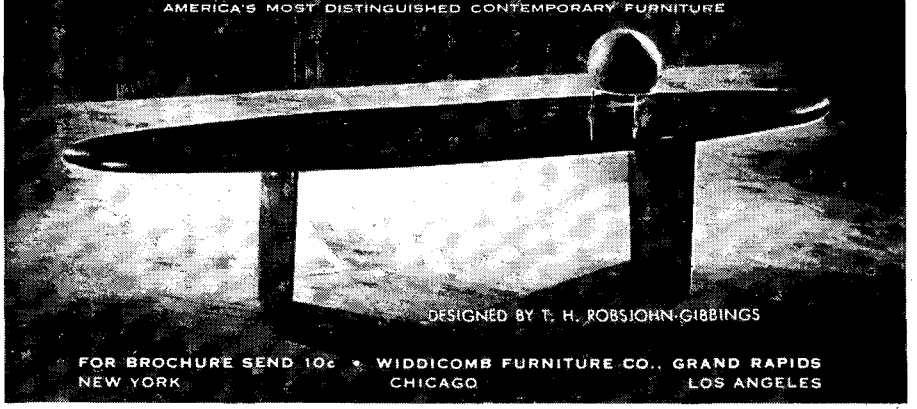

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Spectacle

I'M not sure I'm right about this, but I have a feeling that a production as opulent and ambitious as "The Egyptian" should be approached with a certain amount of humility. Consider what Mr. Darryl F. Zanuck, the producer, has laid before us. Not only has he translated into terms of the cinema one of the more spectacular best-sellers of our time but he has obviously told all hands at his studio—Twentieth Century-Fox—to cast off their inhibitions and let go. "The Egyptian" does not come to us like the movies Mother used to make. Here is no ordinary screen, for example, but a screen roughly the size of Texas—CinemaScope run wild. We are told that "The Egyptian" was filmed with "the revolutionary new anamorphic lens." The effect is to make one feel entirely surrounded, if not trapped, by the picture. Here is no ordinary sound, either. The voices of the actors don't just float through the theatre in moderate tones. In "The Egyptian," voices boom from all corners of the massive screen and, it seemed to me, from all corners of the theatre. At one point, I heard someone calling out "Akhnaton! Akhnaton!" from under my seat, and I was so startled I looked to see who it was. Nothing there but cigarette butts. Voices seemed to come from behind and above me, as well as below me, and they were *voices*—deep, rich, full-textured, and amplified beyond mortal powers of description. This process, I believe, is known as 4-Track High-Fidelity Directional-Stereophonic sound. And the color, of course, is by De Luxe.

It is numbing to think of the problems that must have been encountered in the making of "The Egyptian." First of all, there was the Nile itself to be photographed, and all those pyramids. That took time—getting over there, setting up the cameras, and getting back. Then there were the research problems. The settings had to be created with historical exactitude, and this required scholarship of a high order. Interiors of palaces had to be constructed, ancient tombs had to be built (to scale, to scale!), drinking mugs had to be made, hairdos had to be just right, the costumes had to be authentic to the last inch. Then, against this precision-built backdrop, the art of medicine as it existed in Egypt some thirty-three centuries ago was given a good going over. Not only is the Egyptian himself a physician, with a fashionable upper East Side practice in Thebes, but his foster father is an expert in the art of opening people's skulls and closing them again. It just happens to be his business, but, naturally, that makes it Mr. Zanuck's business, too, and he spares us no details. We are also permitted to view the interior of one of those celebrated embalming parlors that the Egyptians ran with such success in the old days. All this loving attention to accuracy must have taken great energy, and whoever is responsible for it deserves praise.

Well, "The Egyptian" would seem to have everything: sight, sound, color, technical competence, and what is known as a star-studded cast—Jean Simmons, Victor Mature, Gene Tierney, Michael Wilding, Peter Ustinov, and Edmund Purdom. And yet, in my book, "The Egyptian" can hardly be classified as a movie. It barely moves at all, and when it does work up a bit of motion, it proceeds at the pace of a Spanish funeral. Mr. Purdom, as the Egyptian, does what appears to be his best, and at times he is impressive in his simplicity, but he seems overcome almost to the point of paralysis by the magnitude of the enterprise in which he is engaged. Mr. Mature is a muscular palace guard. One can say of him that he is there, and in costume. Mr. Ustinov manages to be quite entertaining in the role of a manservant to the Egyptian, but I had the notion that he was playing a private joke on his more dedicated colleagues and was enjoying himself rather more than he should have, considering his awesome surroundings. Miss Simmons is thoroughly delightful as the martyred lover of the Egyptian, and her performance is fine throughout. "The Egyptian" was directed by Michael Curtiz. The camera lenses were by Bausch & Lomb. The popcorn was by Cartier. —PHILIP HAMBURGER

•

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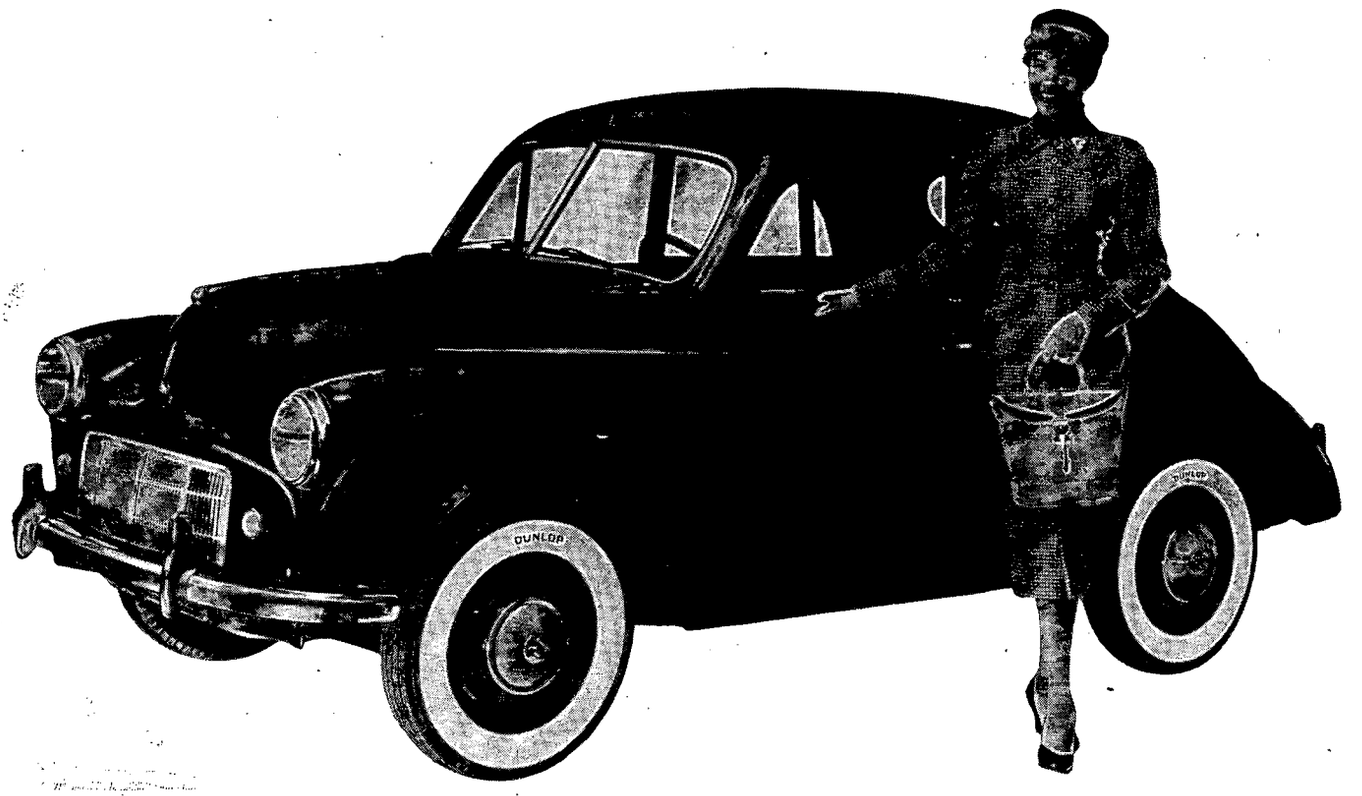

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A REPORTER AT LARGE

DEBUT OF A SEASONED ARTIST

IN my previous sequel to the works of Pierce Egan, the Philippe de Commines of the London prize ring, I felt impelled to chronicle the recent misadventure of Hurricane Jackson, an unfortunate pugilist with four uncoördinated limbs and three mutually antipathetic managers. I was therefore delighted to hear, after the public demolition of Mr. Jackson, that the next event of importance at air-cooled Madison Square Garden would be the at-long-last début there of Archie Moore, by popular report the very antithesis of the Hurricane. Moore is an aging academician—thirty-seven, to be precise—of such celebrity that young fighters come from the very Antipodes to study at his feet, which is where they frequently land. For several years, I had been hearing about Moore, a virtuoso of anachronistic perfection in an age when boxers in general are hurried along like artificially ripened tomatoes, and with similarly unsatisfactory results. Moore's art was said to be the product of a fortunate mixture of genius and moderate adversity. (In the growth of any artist, an essential element is a correct dosage of calamity. If the adversity is too adverse, he has to seek work at some useful trade; if it is not adverse enough, he gets a swelled head.) Moore's adversity had taken the form of never getting a big match in New York, which is why I had not seen him. But eighteen years of provincial appearances had kept him in pocket money, and he had even picked up the light-heavyweight championship by defeating Joey Maxim in St. Louis in 1952. St. Louis is Moore's native city, but it has never been suggested that chauvinism affected the decision. Members of the Moore cult thought Maxim hardly worthy of appearing on a Moore program. "It would be like Casadesus playing 'Liebesträume,' " one of them said to me when the match was first suggested. Since then, Moore has given finished interpretations of Maxim in return bouts in Ogden, Utah, and Miami, Florida.

The opponent announced for Moore's Garden début was Harold Johnson, of Philadelphia, rated by the National Boxing Association as the No. 2 light heavyweight of the country. Like Maxim, he was a slightly hackneyed item in the Moore repertory. The champion had boxed him four times, winning three. Johnson had got one decision, in Milwaukee in 1951, but its authenticity has never been accepted by the cultists. Nobody expected much of Johnson in the Garden match; it is an index of Moore's reputation that the second-best man in his class was not considered to be in his class at all. The advance publicity therefore centered on Moore's alleged difficulty in getting down to the necessary hundred and seventy-five pounds, although he is of just about normal size for a man—five feet eleven inches tall, and not especially massive. If he debilitated himself sufficiently to make the weight, the reports implied, he might collapse from malnutrition.

One reason Moore hadn't appeared at the Garden before was, I knew, the character of his manager, Charley Johnston, who is an independent chap and likes to operate off his own bat, even if it means opening up unfamiliar territory. As recently as 1951, for example, he had Moore working in Flint, Michigan (Herman Harris; K.O.4), and Cordoba, Argentina (Victor Carabajal; K.O.3). In 1949, Moore knocked out somebody named Esco Greenwood in two in North Adams, Massachusetts, and in the course of his ten seasons under Johnston's management he has given twenty recitals in Baltimore alone, becoming as much of a local institution as Henry L. Mencken. Since winning the championship, he has shown up in Sacramento, Spokane, San Diego, and Buenos Aires (besides Ogden and Miami), to name a few, and beaten some of the most unknown prizefighters in the world.

ABOUT a week before the fight, I telephoned Mr. Johnston, whom I had never met, and arranged to visit Moore's training camp at Summit, New Jersey, to see him work. Mr. Johnston promised to pick me up at the curb on the Broadway side of the Times Tower at precisely noon; he said he would be driving a De Soto sedan. Arriving a minute early, I saw a couple of young colored men standing there who looked as if they might be interested in boxing. Surmising that they were waiting for Johnston, too, I joined them. The De Soto stopped at the curb a few seconds later. Johnston, a ginger-haired middle-aged man with a sharp, merry face, waved me in beside him, the two other fellows climbed into the rear seat, and we were off. I talked to Johnston all the way through the Holland Tunnel without getting an answer. I was beginning

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The man who sees through the Iron Curtain

The day after Stalin died, The New York Times printed eight pages about Stalin and his associates, Russia and her satellites, Soviet Communism and its impact on the world. This was probably more than anybody else printed. Even in Moscow, papers jumped only to six pages.

Much of The Times coverage came from its correspondent in Moscow, one of the few U.S. newsmen there. Some of it came from Times correspondents in other world capitals, many of whom, over the years, had covered phases of the story firsthand. A good deal of it, however, including some of the most revealing parts, was written in New York by Harry Schwartz.

Harry Schwartz probably knows as much about what goes on behind the Iron Curtain as anyone else this side of it. Author of three books on the Soviet economy, he has taught at Columbia, Syracuse, Brooklyn College; worked with the War Production Board and the Agriculture Department; analyzed Soviet affairs for the OSS and the State Department.

Since 1947, he has been writing about Soviet affairs for The New York Times. His office at Times Square, 4600 miles from Red Square, might be mistaken for a room in the Kremlin. It is packed with Russian and satellite newspapers, magazines, books, and pamphlets. He reads these assiduously, for even the slightest story helps him ferret out facts the Russians prefer secret. Censorship doesn't deter him. What he writes in New York today will likely be confirmed weeks later in a dispatch from Moscow.

There are many news specialists like Harry Schwartz on The New York Times staff all over the world. They make a formidable team. Pooling their knowledge and their talents, they produce each day a newspaper that is vigorous and alert, interesting and alive, different from any other. They put more into The Times. You get more out of The Times.

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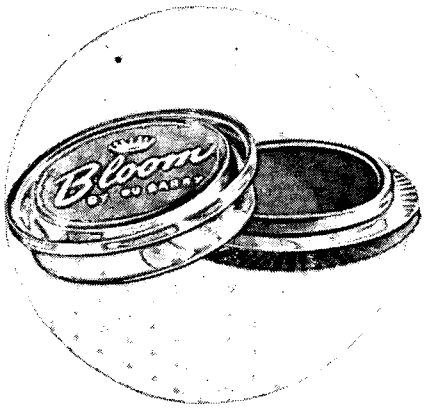

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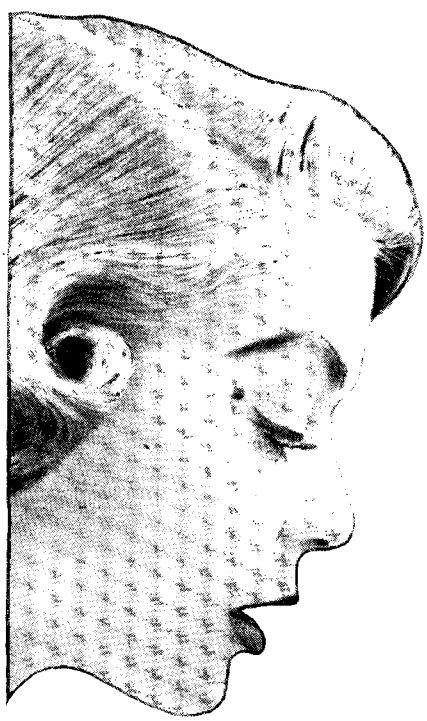

by **RICHARD HUDNUT**

to simmer when he turned to me—he had stopped for a light—and announced, with high good humor, that he had a bad right ear. "I'll put up the window at my left, and you can bounce your voice off it," he said, but I shouted that there would be plenty of time for talking after we got to Summit. Meanwhile, the fellows in the back seat were chattering away, so I listened. The larger and darker of the two—he was an inch or two over six feet—was Frankie Daniels, I had learned, and he was on his way to spar with Moore. "I'm going to finish him off—spar with him every day from now until he winds up training," he said, and added that he was looking forward to the opportunity, because he had a fight of his own coming up later in the month and Moore would sharpen him more than he would sharpen Moore. Also, he would get paid for it. "I'm bound to learn something," he said. "Archie so smart he exercise your brain as well as body."

Jimmy Brooks, the other fellow in the back seat, was not a sparring partner but a friend of Sandy Saddler, the world featherweight champion, who is also managed by Johnston and was at the same training camp, preparing for a fight in Venezuela. (The airplane has opened new vistas for a manager with a grasp of geography. Johnston told me later that after Venezuela, where there is a lot of oil money in circulation, he was planning fights for Saddler in Thailand and Japan, two countries that are enjoying featherweight-boxing booms. "They're all little fellows there," he said. "No heavyweights to take the play away." Moore and Saddler both enjoy travel; they are not like a fighter named Terry Young, whom Whitey Bimstein, a trainer friend of mine, once had to take to Honolulu to substitute for an injured principal in a main bout. They had to fly to make it, and Young was afraid of airplanes. Whitey got him aboard by telling him the trip would take only fifteen minutes. He said Honolulu was in New Jersey.) Brooks wore a black imperial under his lower lip, and was dressed for some improbable Riviera. He said that Saddler had asked him to stay at the camp but that the country was not for him. "I can't stand those crickets," he said. "Keep me awake. I'm a connoisseur. A *boulevardier*." As we got to the top of a rise on a country road among hill pastures, Johnston said, "This is the nicest part of the ride." Brooks guffawed. "Old Charley say that every time he get to this spot," he said. "It's delectably beautiful." Johnston, who didn't hear him, said, "Out here it's quiet. A real training camp. Nothing to do after dark but take a walk or watch television." A hill or two farther on, we stopped under a sign that read, "EHSAN'S TRAINING CAMP." There was a farmhouse a hundred feet above the road, and a couple of one-story white frame buildings still higher up, at the end of a path. On the top slope and the crest of the hill was an apple orchard, and under the apple trees were fat sheep. Brooks shuddered.

JOHNSTON drove the car off the road, and we climbed to the farmhouse together. Brooks and Daniels made off up the path. "Moore will be resting until two o'clock," Johnston said to me. "We may as well get something to eat." We entered through the kitchen, where Mr. Ehsan, a parchment-hided man with gray hair, sat snapping the ends off beans. He is a Turk; his mother, known as Mme. Bey, started the training camp about thirty years ago and was so frugal and severe that she attracted the patronage of a conservative class of prizefight managers. Johnston ordered bacon and eggs and coffee, and I did the same. While Mr. Ehsan set about preparing them, Johnston and I went into the bare living room to wait. "This is a serious place," he said, surveying the dismal surroundings with approval. "No bar, no juke boxes. No women from the summer resorts with short pants on." Finding that bilateral conversation was now possible, I asked him how many fighters he had in his stable. "Eight," Johnston said, "but three are in Italy and three are in Argentina. The only ones I've got here are Moore and Saddler."

I knew that Charley Johnston was a younger brother of the late Jimmy Johnston, an ex-flyweight with a snub nose, indelible black hair, and a derby hat, who had been known in the trade as the Boy Bandit even when he was approaching seventy. Jimmy was a famous manager and promoter, a man of quips, rages, feuds, and funny stories. The current Johnston, like many another younger brother, has jelled in a quieter mold, but he has the Boy Bandit's flair for fighters; I can't remember any other manager with two concurrent world champions. I asked Johnston if it didn't make for jealousy between them, but he said no; Moore is like an older brother to Saddler, who is twenty-seven. Moore is by temperament placid and analytical. Saddler is volatile—a string bean of a man with legs to his chin, and long pipestem arms with which he achieves remarkable feats of leverage. I saw Saddler knock out his predecessor, Willie Pep, so I have

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great respect for him. "Moore is a great, great champion," Johnston said. "Sandy is just a great champion."

Johnston told me that he had become aware of the financial possibilities of the road while touring with a great, great English fighter named Ted Kid Lewis, who flourished at about the time of the First World War. Jimmy Johnston was Lewis's American manager. "I was fourteen then," Charley Johnston said, "and Jimmy took me into his office. When he was busy with other fighters, he would let me travel with Lewis. Lewis knew everything anyway. He must have fought Jack Britton for the welterweight championship twenty times—every place from New Orleans to Toronto—and they always packed the house. Buffalo, Cincinnati, Dayton, Canton, Atlanta, or Jersey City, it was always a battle. They liked each other all right outside the ring, but when they got inside they would do everything. They were so smart they exasperated each other. Britton was a great, great fighter." By the time Lewis and Britton fought their last match, in New York in 1921 (Britton won the decision in fifteen), Charley Johnston had learned everything, too. Their performances were encyclopedic.

Mr. Ehsan served up the bacon and eggs, which were excellent. When we had finished, we strolled up the hill toward the gymnasium, one of the frame buildings at the end of the path. As we entered, we were joined by Harry Mendel, an International Boxing Club press agent who used to publicize six-day bike races. The day before, the I.B.C. had brought a number of newspaper writers to Summit, and today it was taking the press to the camp of Moore's opponent, near Atlantic City. The wire services and papers were therefore dependent on Mendel for a brief bulletin on Moore's workout and on whether he looked unhappy about his weight. His weight was about the only angle left, Mendel said. Nobody outside Philadelphia expected an exciting fight unless Moore had to cut off an arm. Johnson, although competent and strong, was cautious beyond his years—twenty-six—and the bout was likely to be a bore. This, I reflected, would be one more touch of moderate adversity for Moore, because if he won a dull fight, there would be small demand for his reappearance.

The gym at Ehsan's has a standard-size ring and ample room for the boxers, but limited accommodations for spectators. This is the reverse of how things are at the big summer-resort hotels where boxers have latterly taken to

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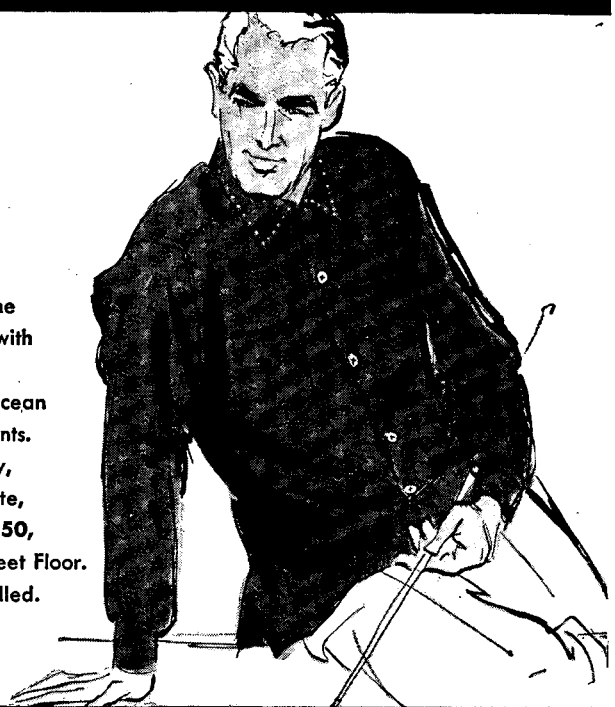

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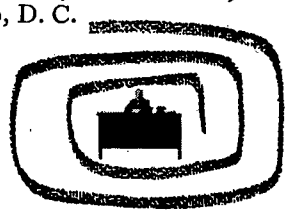
West is East

A few weeks ago we remarked that one reason Nation's Business is in business is to be useful to three-quarter million subscribers on national, state and local issues. Well, we made a mistake. We've just been counting pages in the September issue and there's easily as much space about the other side of the world as there is about this side. So, of course, we should have included international affairs as well.

Two of the September articles rather neatly point out the opposite poles of what goes on abroad. This one, by Richard Tregaskis with a Sydney, Australia dateline is the bright pole, the American working partnership at its best, becoming a part of the place and the people of another soil. And it's working beautifully—whether you take the case of Albert Konz, formerly of Norfolk, Va. and his Downeyflake Restaurant that now serves 4,000 meals a day to the hungry citizens of Melbourne . . . or such large, prospering partnerships as General Motors Holden Corp., Colgate-Palmolive Pty. Ltd., or Caltex Oil (Australia) Pty. Ltd. Businessmen here in the States will be hearing Uncle Bim beckoning before they finish this story.

The other pole marks the distinction between what we call "world affairs" and "foreign problems." It's an interview with Dr. Alan T. Waterman, director of the National Science Foundation bannered, "Russian Science Threatens the West." To give it to you in a capsule, Dr. Waterman says the Soviets are steadily enlarging their stockpile of scientific manpower and may have passed us in training engineers. There's evidence, too, he claims, that the quality of Russian science is high.

All of this reminds us of a recent letter from a reader, "There are times when I could wish the articles you publish in Nation's Business would be of lesser interest so that the reader could lay it down without feeling impelled to do something further about it." Nation's Business, *a magazine for businessmen,* Washington 6, D. C.



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training. Moore appeared, a light mulatto with a tinge of red in his bushy hair. He was sporting a black mustache and an imperial, which, Johnston told me, he always wears into battle. They gave him a serene and scholarly aspect, and his long woollen sweat clothes, gathered at wrist and ankle, made him look like an old fellow trying to lose weight in a health club. He wore a cashmere sweater over the sweat suit; the total effect was almost prim. Like Caesar, Moore enjoys having fat men about him. He was attended by two mountainous chaps, Cheerful Norman and Tiny Payne, his habitual handlers, who weigh two hundred and twenty and two hundred and eighty-five pounds, respectively.

Our travelling companion, Daniels, was his first opponent, but it never looked like competition. There was nothing flashy about Moore's style—no superfluous bounce or glide, none of the whacking combinations of socks in the ribs to which some headline fighters treat their sparring partners. He wasn't elusive in the phantom manner, he was a prestidigitator. He picked off punches with his hands, forearms, and elbows, usually as they started, and hit as he willed, moving his man around without shoving him, simply by feinting and keeping him off balance. He himself moved within half-arm length as freely as if he were ten feet off. There was nothing vindictive or even mock-menacing about his expression; as a beginner he may have composed a "fighting face," but if so, he had discarded it years ago. He didn't invite or resent Daniels' sporadic aggressiveness; he simply played an exercise. After two rounds, Daniels' stint was over, and Moore worked a round with a blond young Argentine heavyweight who had a Yugoslav face and name. He was a very tall lad, and he attacked as if he were determined to show he cared nothing for reputations. It must have been a curious experience for the boy; he threw a hundred punches and touched Moore's face—just grazed his mustache—twice. Three rounds aren't a severe test of stamina, and at the end Moore wasn't breathing hard. The boy was blown in one. "*Muy astuto,*" he said when he had pulled in enough breath. (I could figure that one out—"A regular cutie.") And then, when he had gulped again, "*Sabe mucho.*" ("He knows a lot.") He sat down on the ring apron, a handler pulled off his gloves, and he began to undo the tapes on his hands. "*Inteligente,*" he said when he had finished. ("Cerebral type.")

Moore's condition didn't astonish me unduly. Unlike old fighters who quit and then try a comeback, he had never been away. Training steadily, never having had to take much punishment, he was sound. Sparring three rounds wasn't fighting fifteen, however, and I couldn't believe he was as good as new.

ON the night of the fight, when Moore came to the center of the ring without the cover of the charitable woollens, his age showed. The weight hoax had exploded. In the office of the Athletic Commission, at noon, Moore had weighed a hundred and seventy-three pounds, and admitted he had eaten breakfast. Johnson had weighed a hundred and seventy-two and a half, but as they stood in the ring at fight time, he looked bigger and solider than the virtuoso. Johnson has a heavy, uncertain face, square jowls, and a thick neck, like old Joe Walcott, who lost the heavyweight championship to Marciano. His body is like Walcott's, too—rounded, heavy-thighed, the diaphragm corded with muscle, the arms good for dock work—and I knew that, like Walcott again, he was a counter-fighter, durable but cautious. He had been knocked out just once in his life, when he was twenty-two, by Walcott himself, who was then about forty. Walcott, though, had been a big heavyweight—a two-hundred-pounder—and a good enough puncher to put Louis, Charles, and Marciano on the floor in their turns. (Of the three, only Charles had stayed there.) Moore didn't look capable of that kind of hitting. His body appeared commonplace. The arms, I reckoned from what I had seen in the gym, were tireless; nobody could know about the legs. Under the circumstances, he would be doing well to outgeneral, bluff, outjab, and cuff Johnson, and that's what I expected him to do, although the way the challenger was made dismayed me. In one sense, I was glad Johnson was a counter-puncher, because it meant Moore could make his own pace, staying away when he wanted to, unless his legs folded irrevocably under him.

The crowd, to my amazement, liked Johnson. I myself have a great prejudice in favor of boxers who are skillful and daring. I wouldn't give the time of day to a professional who won't lead; if he doesn't want to fight, what is he there for? But there are *Lumpen* who come to a fight to see a good boxer beaten. It is an anti-intellectual attitude. There were eight thousand in the audience that night, which is quite a crowd nowadays, although it is not even half capacity. The spectators had

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all heard of Moore, I suppose, and thought he was a kind of phony, or else why hadn't he been in the Garden before? Also, the *touffe de barbe sous le menton* may have struck them as an affectation. Furthermore, he had come into the ring wearing a black silk mandarin robe with gold piping—the sort of touch that probably goes over in Cordoba but is a bit rich for the big time. Moore was old, but the people in the crowd wanted to see him knocked out. When Joe Louis was old, they wanted to see him win. Perhaps it was because Louis was a slugger. He was a pretty good boxer, too, but they forgave him for it. Maybe they hadn't noticed.

For this fight, I had cadged a seat in the working-press section, with a shelf in front of it on which I could take notes. I kept track of the fight on a score sheet, marked off in separate boxes for the fifteen rounds, but on looking at it now I find my notes discouragingly fragmentary. My memories, while fuller, are perhaps less accurate; my notation for the first round, "J—2gr," means that I thought Johnson won it, and that he landed two good rights, but it is an unimportant part of what I saw. To make a nice-looking fight against a man who won't lead, and beat him, is a pretty severe test of a fighter's technical resources, and it was what Moore plainly had in mind. Instead of flicking, moving around, and so piling up enough unhurting points to goad Johnson into some possible late activity, he was reconnoitring in close, looking the challenger over as if he had never seen him before. So the true artist takes up a work he has laid aside for years, and attempts a fresh approach. I suspected that Moore was not satisfied with the way he had handled Johnson the first four times they boxed—an aggregate of forty rounds. He had done some nice things, perhaps, but the ensemble had fallen short of perfection. Bent forward, his bearded, Oberammergau head shielded by a mobile elbow, he swayed within Johnson's reach, making sharp tangential prods at the blocky thorax and abdomen, like a sculptor seeking the grain of a rock or a physician asking where it hurts. His jabs to the head, as a discerning colleague has noted, lacked sting; they were tentative, adjusting motions. Experience had evidently convinced Moore that the other procedure was wrong; Johnson was the kind of bird you couldn't suck into a rash gesture. Unlike the novices in the gym, however, Johnson could hit fast and hard; he has knocked out some rough people when they got too tem-

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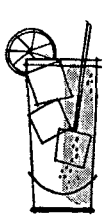

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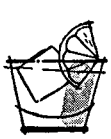

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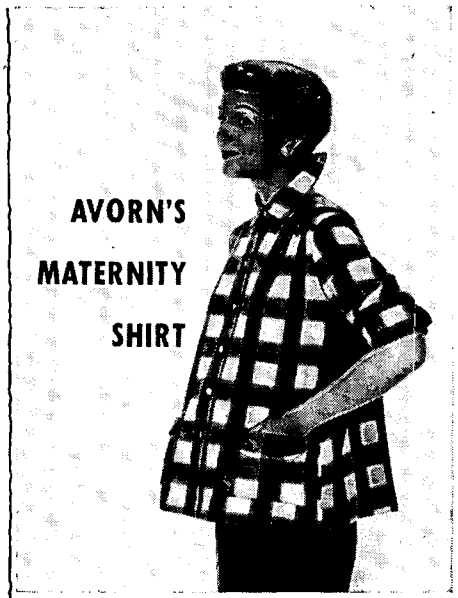
erarious. Examining him so close up is like taking cheese from a set mousetrap. Consequently, even Moore caught a couple at the juncture of the mustache and the imperial, and there was no other way to mark that first round. I thought I caught an expression of slight distaste as he turned away at the bell, but it was more likely self-reproach. Charley Johnston, Cheerful Norman, and a grizzled, sailorly-looking man named Bertie Briscoe, Saddler's trainer, were in Moore's corner. (Tiny Payne wasn't in the ring, possibly because he was afraid of weighing it down at one end.) They did not appear discomposed. The Johnson faction in the crowd, though, was howling as if the cerebrator lay weltering in his gore. "Go get him, Harold!" one fellow shouted. "He's an old man!" "Get fierce, Harold!" another bellowed. "He's got nothing left!" Johnson didn't look fierce, though—just meditative. He was trying to figure why Moore was acting as he was. On the margin of my card I find a note, "imp. of H *fierce*," which I take to mean the impossibility of Harold's getting that way, or maybe the impossibility of any Harold's getting that way; if the leaders had switched names, the Saxons might have won the Battle of Hastings.

For the second round, I have just "J," to remind me that the affair continued in the same pattern. For Round 3, I have a very small, doubtful "M—rtb." Moore hit the subject a lot of those light, probing punches, but he also landed one smashing right to the body, as if asking, "Is *that* where it hurts?" And Johnson's eyes said yes. Moore went away as quietly happy as a doctor who has made a promising diagnosis. After that, I have for Round 4 a larger, more decisive "M—l h;" he hit Mr. Johnson at least one left hook in the chops that it is a pleasure to remember not having received. It was just to keep Johnson's mind on higher things, because Moore was still directing his main attack at the body. Then, for Round 5, "M—Take it easy, H," which reflects the fact that while Moore was working calmly at his master scheme, a number of Johnson men in the audience were beginning to yell, "Take it easy, Harold!," as if they feared their man might now do something rash. Apprehension never had less basis. At the same time, an old, iron-gray cove with a political profile was barking, "Press him, Harold, press him!" The fellows who were advising caution now began to address their remarks to this hothead. Johnson himself, between rounds, looked preoccu-



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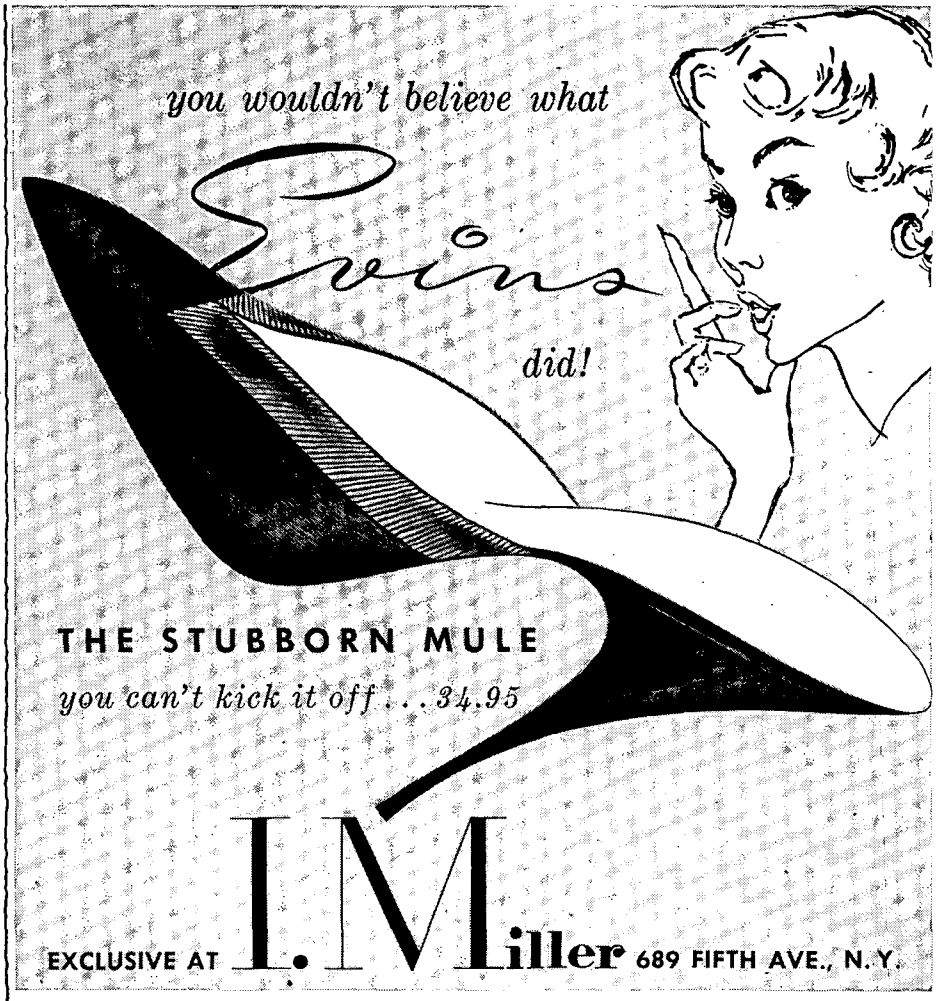
pied, like a habitual loser at roulette who is having a small run of luck. He had hit Moore some showy, noisy ripostes that sounded good as they hit shoulders, and it is possible he was ahead on points then. Certainly he must have thought so. But there was no place to cash in his chips so he could quit a small winner.

Round 6 is marked with the biggest kind of "M" but no details, and 7 with a big "M—Jn n," which recalls that Moore, jabbing now with dazing snap, had got Johnson's nose bleeding. It was a wide, flat nose, which bled reluctantly, and the blood appeared to have a sobering effect on its owner. But the more serious blows were still going to the body, and once the challenger's mouth flew open. He didn't quit, though. He wasn't cowardly—merely pessimistic. He still never led, but he had so many leads to counter that he kept busy. Toward the end of the round, Moore lost him. That alarmed me, because if an executant as skilled as Moore has a man and then can't finish him, it is a safe bet that he's tired. Tiny Payne, who will not admit that Moore has ever been tired in his life, told me afterward that he hadn't been able to understand this round. "'Peared Archie had him, and then he turned away and let him go," he said. I think Moore may have sensed that Johnson was too strong to take then, and could do with a bit more softening.

Moore went along well in the eighth and ninth, but Johnson was getting stronger instead of weaker. I had Moore far ahead, but my immediate neighbors from the newspapers didn't; they thought that it was pretty even, and that Moore, at his age, figured to tire faster than Johnson. Moore was also trying to calculate where he stood. He thought that he was ahead on points right through, he told a reporter after the fight, but he felt that the crowd was against him and might influence the officials, because "the sentiment was with the underdog." After a couple of hundred recitals, the artist develops a sensitivity to his audience. So in the tenth he was even more aggressive, and had Johnson in real trouble. But near the end of the round, Moore was pressing in to get in one more combination of punches before the round ended—and Johnson hit him with a beautiful overhand right to the left side of the head and knocked him flat. It was as if Vladimir de Pachmann had been assaulted by a piano stool. It was an event so unexpected, so unprecedented that even the referee, Ruby Goldstein, lost his head. Goldstein's first impulse must



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have been to help Moore to his feet and apologize on behalf of the management, but he checked it in time and began to count. He forgot, however, that since this was a championship bout, hostilities were *de règle* as soon as the fallen man got to his feet, which Moore did at "Three." The New York Athletic Commission has a foolish, though well-intentioned, rule governing non-championship matches: Whenever a boxer is knocked down, the referee must stop the fight for eight seconds, even if the man is back on his feet by "One." This is designed to protect boxers from the effects of their own imprudence but has resulted merely in atrophy of their estimative powers. Formerly, boxers stayed down as long as they could when they were truly hurt. When they were undamaged, they got up as quickly as possible, in order to minimize the seriousness of their mishap. Now they all bounce to their feet if they are conscious, secure in the knowledge they will get the eight seconds anyway. This substitutes a reflex for an exercise of reason. It is also hard on a fellow who, after staying on the mat until "Eight" or "Nine," might have decided to remain there. In championship matches, this new fangle does not apply. But when Moore got up at "Three," the addled Goldstein stood in front of him, continuing to count, and this precluded further operations, because the bell rang for the end of the round at "Five." In the two lost seconds, Johnson might have hit Moore a couple more licks if Goldstein hadn't been there and the challenger could have prevailed on himself to take the initiative.

The jubilation of the short-end bettors had reached what Colonel John R. Stingo calls a "frenzium." "Go get him, Harold!" they shouted. "You got him!" None were so craven as to counsel caution now. Mr. Johnson's seconds were wagging their jaws like a Gilbert and Sullivan chorus in a patter song. One of them slapped him jovially on the nape of the neck with an ice bag. Johnson alone seemed unamused, reflective. "I got so much different kinds of advice I thought Moore was in my corner," he told a newspaperman later. Johnson could now be sure he was ahead on points; a knockdown counts like the dickens in most judges' minds. He had his choice of two policies: to pursue and try to demolish, or to fence and try to conserve his lead. The first was not in him, and so he built a bridge for his retreating enemy.

Moore used the bridge for about two minutes of the eleventh round, staying

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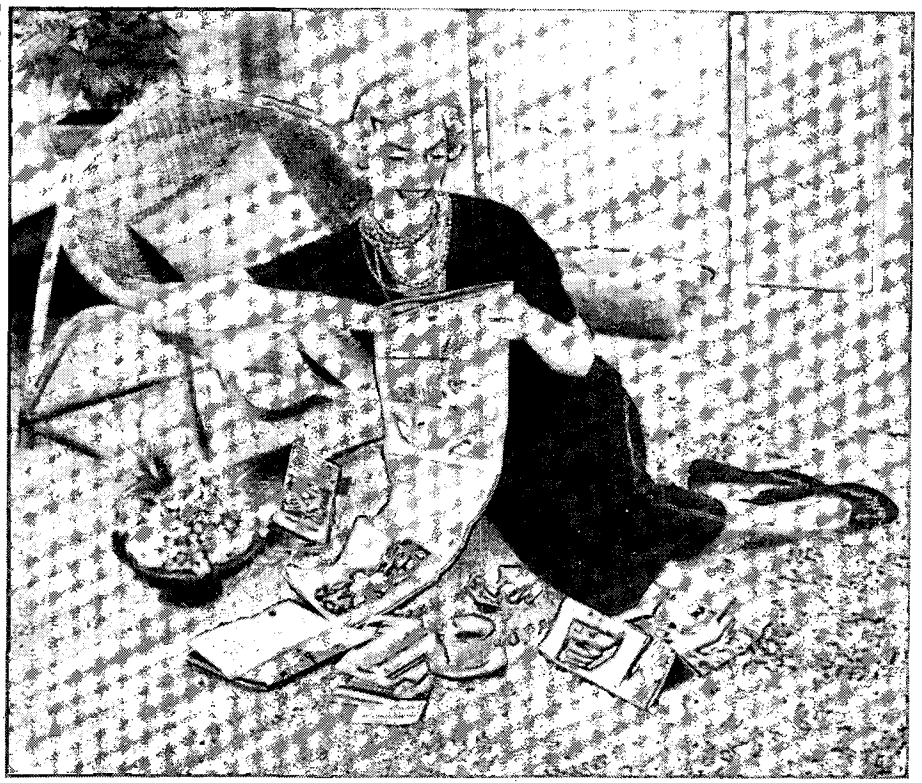
away from Johnson as if they had changed roles. Then, having ascertained that Johnson was as meek as ever, he went back to his body-punching. My card says "j" for the eleventh round, but it is a small "j," a diminishing "j," a last "j." Moore opened a cut beside Johnson's right eye—a trifling lesion by Marciano standards, but visible—and he had the pink showing in Johnson's wide nostrils again. He banged the damaged eye with the inside of his left forearm—a palpably illegal maneuver that drew a yell from the Johnson people. Goldstein walked to his corner after the round and spoke to him. Both fighters looked tired, but Moore looked mean-tired behind his whiskers, like Mephistopheles on a hot night.

The twelfth was good Moore, although he did not seem too brisk, and then, in the thirteenth, he began to play that loud part, with the two-handed bangs on the keyboard, that even to the musically uninitiated always portends the windup of a concerto. He opened the counter-fighter's mouth with punches between the thorax and the abdomen, and closed it with hooks to the lower maxillary. He moved him around as if he were trying to see where he would look best, and he ducked under that weaver's-beam right arm like a small girl jumping under a skip rope. He rubbed his bushy hair on all lacerated portions of Johnson's face, and he buffeted the sore nose with short lateral punches thrown from a polite bow. When the counter-fighter sat down after the thirteenth round, he no longer looked like a possible winner. If Moore finished the last two rounds at the same pace, he was bound to take the decision and retain his title.

That ending did not accord with Moore's new, mature conception of how to render Johnson, however. He was tired of him. ("Johnson makes you do all the fighting," he told a *Post* reporter afterward.) Watching the men fight on the side of the ring away from me, with Johnson retrograding in my direction at a speed ordinarily observed within town limits, I noted a sudden acceleration of his rearward approach. The synergetic effect of his own withdrawal and the forward propulsion imparted by Mr. Moore's right hand sent him into a spin, which failed to impair Mr. Moore's calm aim. In the gymnasium, Mr. Johnston had informed me, Moore hits the light bag eight hundred times in three minutes, which figures out to almost five times a second; Johnson was moving more like a heavy bag, equipped with loose elbows. The scene reminded me of the immortal Egan's description of



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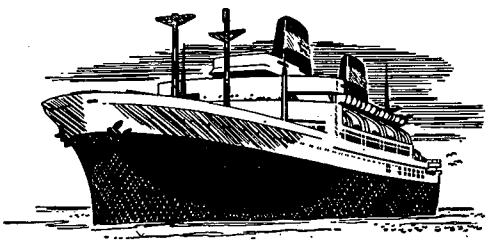

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Buffalo • Statler • Sept. 27, Nov. 8, Dec. 20.
Charleston • Daniel Boone • Sept. 13, Oct. 11, Nov. 8.
Charlotte • Charlotte • Sept. 16, Oct. 21, Dec. 2.
Charlottesville • Univ. of Va. • Sept. 22-23, Oct. 27-28, Dec. 8-9.
Chicago • La Salle • Sept. 13-14-15, Oct. 25-26-27, Dec. 6-7-8.
Cincinnati • Netherland Plaza • Sept. 9-10, Oct. 20-21, Nov. 30, Dec. 1.
Cleveland • Statler • Sept. 23-24-25, Nov. 4-5-6, Dec. 16-17-18.
Columbia • Jefferson • Sept. 15, Oct. 20, Dec. 1.
Dallas • Adolphus • Sept. 13-14, Oct. 18-19, 6-7.
Danville • Danville • Sept. 20, Oct. 25, Dec. 6.
Denver • Albany • Sept. 16-17, Oct. 21-22, Dec. 2-3-4.
Detroit • Sheraton Cadillac • Sept. 20-21, Nov. 1-2, Dec. 13-14.
Evansville • McCurdy • Sept. 16, Oct. 28, Dec. 9.
Greensboro • O'Henry • Sept. 18, Oct. 23, Dec. 4.
Houston • Rice • Sept. 7-8-9, Oct. 13-14, Nov. 26-27.
Indianapolis • Lincoln • Sept. 11, Oct. 29-30, Dec. 10-11.
Los Angeles • Biltmore • Sept. 23-24, Oct. 28-29.
Louisville • Brown • Sept. 14-15, Oct. 12-13, Nov. 9-10.
Lynchburg • Virginian • Sept. 21, Oct. 26, Dec. 7.
Memphis • Peabody • Sept. 16, Oct. 14, Nov. 11.
Midland • Scharbaur • Sept. 27, Nov. 1.
Minneapolis • Radison • Oct. 4-5, Nov. 23-24, Dec. 13-14.
New Orleans • Roosevelt • Sept. 20-21, Oct. 18-19, Nov. 15-16.
Oklahoma City • Biltmore • Sept. 29-30, Nov. 3-4, Dec. 8-9.
Philadelphia • Bellevue-Stratford • Sept. 9-10, Oct. 4-5, Nov. 1-2.
Pittsburgh • William Penn • Sept. 7-8, Oct. 18-19, Nov. 26-27 and 29.
Richmond • Jefferson • Sept. 24, Oct. 29, Dec. 10.
Rochester • Sheraton • Sept. 28, Nov. 9, Dec. 21.
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St. Louis • Chase • Sept. 17-18, Oct. 22-23, Dec. 2-3-4.
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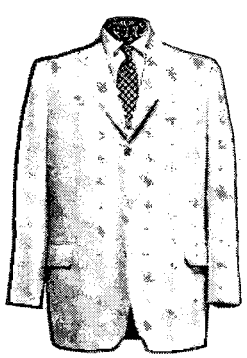

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GETTING out of the Garden, I had to walk around Tiny Payne. "They got to match them in the Orange Bowl at Miami," he said. "They got a new public, you understand me? They draw a million-dollar gate."

"Who?" I said, to tease him. "Moore and Patterson?" Patterson is a promising light heavy who turned pro year before last. He was born at about the time Moore was breaking into the record book.

"Moore and Marciano!" Tiny shouted down at me. He must be about six feet four.

But Marciano, as everybody knows, is training for a return bout against Ezzard Charles at Yankee Stadium on September 15th, and it is certain that he won't fight again during the current tax year. Also, he is the kind of fighter it is sometimes more advantageous to be in the position of challenging than fighting, even for a virtuoso.

A couple of days later, I called up Mr. Johnston to ask him what Moore would do next. "I don't know," he said. "They want Moore in Australia; he hasn't boxed there since 1939, and they have a new crop of fighters since the ones he knocked out. We would like to fight Cockell, the British champion, in London, but I don't think he wants us. Marciano is busy for the present. So probably we'll take Joey Maxim in Omaha on October 27th. They got a centennial or something, and it should draw half a million dollars."

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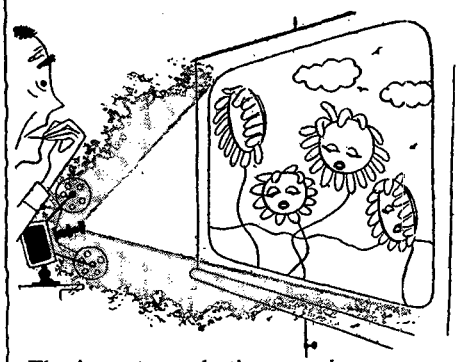

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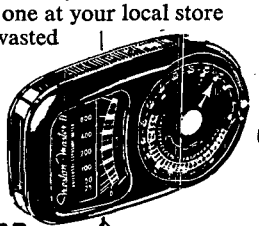

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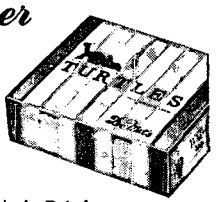

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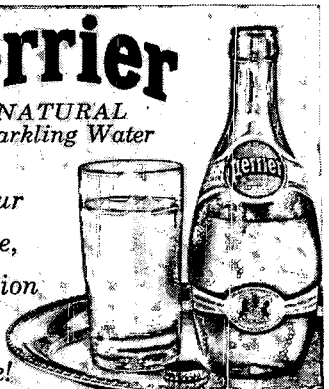

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TEE AND GREEN

The Palmer Method

ARNOLD PALMER, the handsome twenty-four-year-old Cleveland paint salesman who won the fifty-fourth Amateur Championship of the United States Golf Association last week, is surely one of the most nerveless champions in the history of the tournament. Playing on the flat but heavily wooded course of the Country Club of Detroit, in Grosse Pointe Farms, he was obliged to go to the home hole or beyond with five of his eight opponents and to the seventeenth hole with two others, and was behind most of the way, but you might have thought he was playing for a dime a hole on his own course. His most dramatic struggle—in the eyes of the spectators, at least—was against a fellow-Ohioan, Edward Meister, Jr., in the semifinals, a marathon affair he ultimately won at the thirty-ninth hole, for the longest semifinal bout in the U.S.G.A. record book. Palmer took three of the first four holes, but then Meister steadied. At the end of the morning eighteen, Meister was only 1 down, and at the twenty-seventh hole he was 1 up; Palmer evened matters at the twenty-eighth, with a birdie, and took the lead at the thirty-third when Meister first drove into a trap and then, on his third shot, went over the green. Meister tied it up again on the next hole, though, sinking a twenty-five-foot putt for a 2. Then, with Meister ten feet from the thirty-sixth pin in 2, Palmer put his second shot twenty yards over the green and down a steep bank into heavy grass. He came back stoutly, however, with a superb shot that stopped only two feet from the cup, and Meister needed two putts. On the thirty-seventh, Meister, obviously weary, missed a three-footer that would have given him the match; as it turned out, that was his last opportunity to win.

Palmer's final, with Robert Sweeny, of Sands Point, went to the thirty-sixth hole. After such a breathtaking preliminary, it was almost an anticlimax, but each player produced his best golf of the week for the occasion, and the spectators went home limp with excitement. The course, by the way, is one of the toughest the Amateur has ever been played on, but Palmer was only two over par in the final, and Sweeny was just two strokes behind him.

BILLY JOE PATTON, the North Carolina lumberman whose fine showing this year in the Masters and the Open made him a pre-tournament favorite in the gallery, lost, 2 down, in the third round to Donald Doe, a Canadian, but his spectacular style won him a new lot of enthusiastic followers. His first-round match was with Rex Baxter, of Amarillo, Texas, and he took it on the nineteenth, in spite of having been on the fairway only six times. His recovery shots with his celebrated wedge were almost incredible, and he had eleven one-putt greens, nine of them in succession. In beating Tim Holland, of Rockville Centre, 4 and 3 in the second round, Patton kept his drives fairly straight—an achievement that appeared to astonish him. "I'll be back on my regular game tomorrow," he remarked, and he was, too, spraying balls into places so unlikely that I don't believe the members knew they existed. Even so, he might have won, but Doe sank a fifty-yard chip shot for a birdie 3 on the seventeenth, and Patton had to hole a forty-five-foot putt to keep the match alive. He did it, but it seemed to take all he had, for he muffed three shots in a row on the eighteenth, and took a 5 to Doe's 4.

CHIPS AND PUTTS: The only untoward occurrence during the tournament was a display of atrocious manners by a group of teen-age girls at the thirty-seventh hole of the Meister-Palmer match. Apparently overcome by Palmer's youth and good looks, they chanted "Go! Go! Go!" as Meister's second shot rolled across the green and into the rough. When he recovered nicely, they groaned. And when he missed that three-foot putt for the match, they cheered lustily. Then the shocked looks of the other spectators must have registered, for they were pretty quiet the rest of the way. . . . Sweeny was referred to variously in the Detroit papers as "the graying playboy of two continents," "the internationalist," and "the veteran socialite." "I don't mind, really," he said. "But what's a *veteran* socialite?" —P. W. W., JR.

•

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THAT SUNDAY

SOME Sundays I had to wait pretty long before my father would be ready. There were times he didn't get up until nearly eleven o'clock, and it would be about eleven-thirty before we could get going at anything. I'd be out in our back yard, maybe tossing horseshoes, hoping he would hear the ring of the metal against the stake and give up his second cup of coffee. Anyway, that's what I was doing this particular Sunday after I'd read the comics in the Newark paper (we lived in Elizabeth, but we took the New York and Newark papers), and after I'd figured out that if the Red Sox won eighteen of their remaining games they would be a cinch to win the pennant. I always picked a team I hoped would beat the Yankees, and that year it was the Red Sox.

I had all four horseshoes in my hand, and was just about to toss again, when my father came out on the back sun porch. "What are you doing, Ernie?" he asked, through the screen.

"Just getting in shape," I said.

"Care for a match?"

"O.K.," I said.

He was wearing a turtleneck sweater with stripes running across it, and he'd had a good smooth shave. The porch door banged behind him, and he came down the steps and stood squinting in the sun for a moment. It was a fine day—late August and warm—and all the shrubs my mother looked after were doing nicely. We had a wonderful back yard, almost an acre, and my father and I figured that someday we were going to put a tennis court on it. I was thirteen, and he said he'd been waiting a long time for me to get big enough to give him a good tennis game. Right now, all we had were the horseshoes and a croquet ground, though every now and then when it wasn't too breezy we would set up the ping-pong table on the lawn. We had good times. During the winter, we fussed around with my carpentry set (my father had an electric lathe, but he never did much with it) in the basement, and we had a lot of fun with my Erector set.

We had painted one set of horseshoes red and the other blue, and my father always liked to use the red ones. They had a better feel to them, he said, although both sets were exactly alike.

"Give me the red ones, Ernie," he said that Sunday.

"O.K.," I said, handing them to him.

We started right in pitching, and it was a close game. My father finally won it, twenty-one to nineteen. Then, just as we were about to start another, my mother came out on the sun porch and called to my father. "Charles," she said, "the Thompsons want to know if we can drive over today. Sometime this afternoon."

"Go ahead, Ernie," my father said. "You're first, this time."

I pitched one shoe.

"Charles!" my mother called. "What will I tell them?"

"Tell them I'm too busy," he said.

"But we were supposed to go last week."

"I don't feel like it," my father said.

"Well, I'd like to see them."

"Drive over yourself, then," my father said. "Ernie and I have things to do today."

My mother stood there a second, looking down at the grass, then went back into the house. They didn't quarrel much, but sometimes I figured things weren't so good between them. My mother had a way of looking sad when he didn't talk to her in the evenings, but I figured it was because he was reading the papers, or dozing off from being tired at the office.

My father held out one of his horseshoes at arm's length, measuring the distance, and tossed. It banged up against the stake, but it wasn't a ringer. "Just missed it, didn't I?" he said.

I nodded, and aimed my second horseshoe.

"Those Thompsons give me a pain in the neck," he said. "Don't know why she has to bother with them."

A few minutes later, my mother came out again and stood near us, watching.

"Stand back," my father said. "You're practically in the line of fire."

She jumped back a bit. "I told them we couldn't come," she said.

"That was the intelligent action to take," my father said.

"Who's winning the game?" she asked.

"Even, so far," I said.

She watched me toss one.

"My, Ernie," she said, "that was a nice throw."

"It was lousy," I told her. "Missed by six feet."

"But it looked good," she said.

"Oh, sure," I said.

"Put your mind on it, Ernie," my

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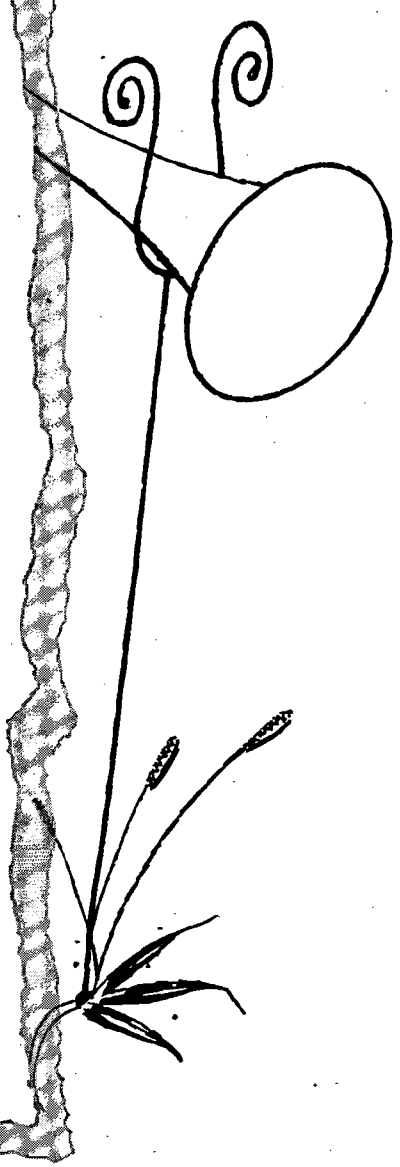

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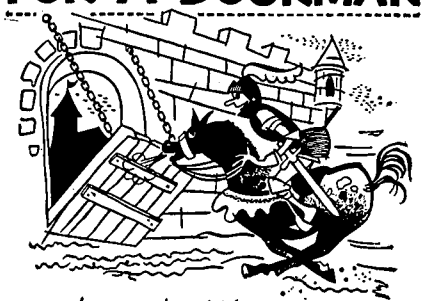

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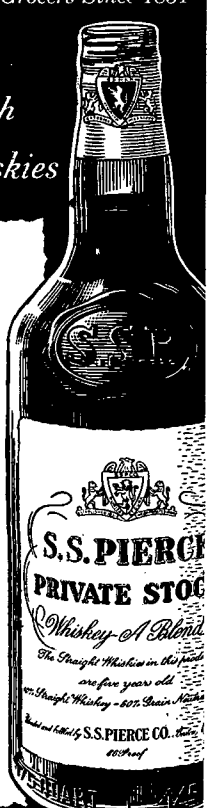

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father said. "It's getting too easy for me."

He was leading by six points, and he finally won, two games out of three.

My mother had gone to look over the rosebushes. "Charles," she called, "do you think this one ought to be clipped?"

"How would I know?" he asked. "They're your rosebushes."

"Ernie," she said, "would you run into the garage and get me the shears?"

"O.K.," I said.

"And while you're there," my father said, "might as well get the mallets and balls. I feel pretty hot today."

•

I RAN to the garage and got the pruning shears and the croquet things. This was turning into a good day.

We didn't play croquet exactly according to the rules; we'd invented our own, to make it more exciting—laid out the field differently, and had special ground rules and penalties. I heard my mother snipping away with the shears as we played. I won the first game. It was a wild game, all right, and we were both perspiring at the end of it.

"Say, Ernie," my father said, "how about bringing out a couple of Cokes."

"Sure," I said, and started across the lawn toward the house.

"Ernie," my mother said as I passed her.

"What?"

"If you're going for something to drink, would you bring me one, too?"

"We're having Cokes," I said.

"Well, I'll have a Coke, too."

I brought out three opened bottles, and when I handed one to my mother she smiled at me. "That's nice of you, Ernie," she said.

"It's O.K.," I said.

I sat with my father on the grass while we drank our Cokes, and my mother stood near us, sipping hers.

"Here, I'll take the bottles," she said, when we got up, ready to play again. We gave them to her, but she stood where she was, just holding them. "I wonder," she said. "Can three play croquet? It looks very interesting."

"Well—" I said.

"We have our own rules," my father told her. "It would be pretty hard for three, the way we play it."

"Well, I'll just watch, then," she said.

But she didn't watch long, because the phone rang, and she set down the bottles and hurried inside to answer it. She came back, almost running. "Charles," she said, "the Rasches are

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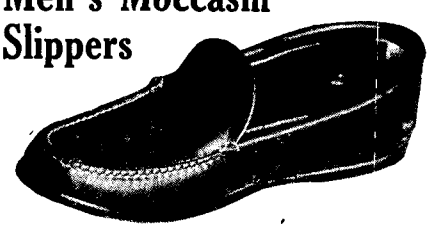

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having two tables of bridge this evening, and they want to know if—"

"Absolutely not," my father said, not looking up but concentrating on getting his ball through a double wicket. It was a tricky shot, for he was lying at an angle.

"But we haven't anything planned for this evening," my mother said.

"Look," he said, giving her a quick, straight glance, "will you let us get on with this game?"

She turned, and went slowly back to the house.

My father played his shot, but his ball went through only one wicket. "Damn!" he said. "That's a pure case of interference. I ought to take that shot over."

"Oh, no!" I said.

"Well, if she hadn't come along then . . ."

I made my next shot, and won the game. "Too late now," I said.

"I have exactly one day to take it easy, to relax," my father said. "All she has is the whole week to—"

But my mother was coming toward us again, and my father stopped speaking. He didn't look at her. She sat down on the grass near us, and watched the next game without saying anything.

"I think I understand it now," she said, when we had finished. "Why don't all three of us try a game?"

"Look here," my father said, "haven't you got the idea yet?"

"What idea?" she asked, her face seeming to take on a pinched look.

"All we want to do is get a little exercise," he said. "That's all."

"But really, Charles, does that mean I have to be completely ignored?"

"We're not ignoring you," my father said, his voice louder. "We're just trying to play a game."

"All right," she said. "Never mind. You go ahead and play your game."

She got up, took the bottles, and went back to the house. My father bent down and plucked some stray weeds out of the grass. His face had a dull flush. "It wasn't so long ago that she was ready to ignore *me* for good," he said. "She was all ready to live another life."

"The Red Sox took a doubleheader yesterday," I said.

"You never knew about that, did you?" he asked.

"Knew about what?"

"Some doctor she used to know," my father said. "She wanted a chance to get to know him better."

"You mean Dr. Kramer?"

"No, no," he said. "Of course not. It

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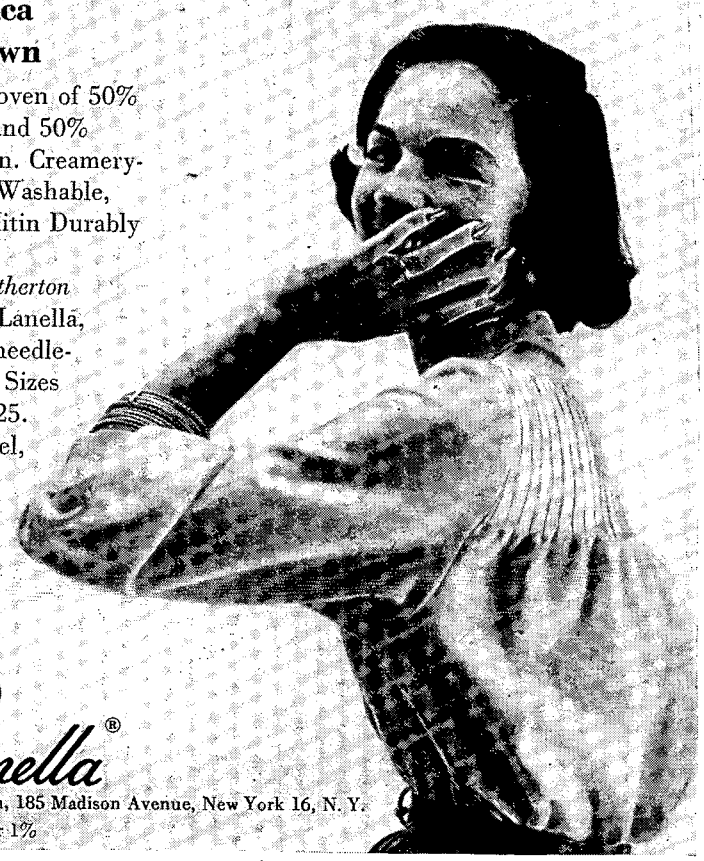

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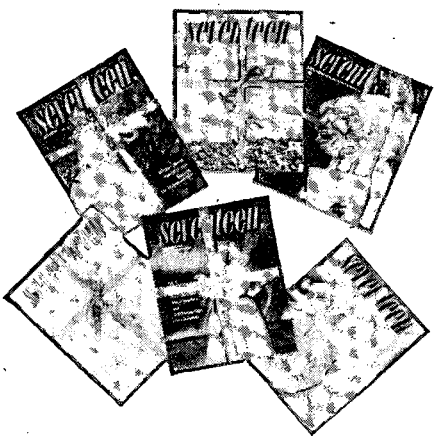

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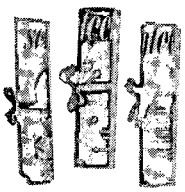

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was before we bought this house. When we were living on Decatur Avenue."

"I remember Decatur Avenue," I said.

"Well, you're still too young to know about things like that," he said. "Anyway, it's all over now. I'm a great guy again, and she's willing to spend the rest of her life with me. A woman gets to be forty, and suddenly she knows how well off she is. It doesn't matter if I'm not so cultured and don't read the right books." He lit a cigarette. "Forget about what I just said, Ernie. How about another game? We're even."

We were just starting to play again when the screen door slammed. It was my mother. She didn't look at us. She went straight to the garage, and we heard her starting the car. Then she backed it out along the driveway, still never looking at us, and the tires screeched as she drove off.

"Now where the hell is she going?" my father said. He shrugged, and then concentrated on his shot.

MY father and I found that my mother had left our lunch on the dinette table—ham-and-cheese sandwiches, milk, and cake. We ate, and played some gin rummy, then decided to go to the park and watch a sandlot ball game. We saw a pretty good game between the Fairmount A.C. and the Triplex Buccaneers, with the Bucs just edging it out in the tenth inning.

It was close to six o'clock when we got home, but my mother still wasn't back.

"Now, where in hell do you think she went?" my father asked.

"I don't know," I said.

"I'd better check with the Thompsons."

He called up the Thompsons, but they said they'd been out most of the afternoon, and hadn't seen her. He called the Rasches, but no one was there except the maid, who said the folks had gone to the movies. My mother hadn't stopped in. My father was thinking what other people he could call, when the telephone rang.

It was weird. A man who said he was a police officer in Poughkeepsie told my father that my mother had had an accident just outside town. "Did you say *Poughkeepsie*?" my father asked, as though he couldn't believe it. "Is she hurt bad?"

The man said she had just a few bruises—nothing to worry about—and

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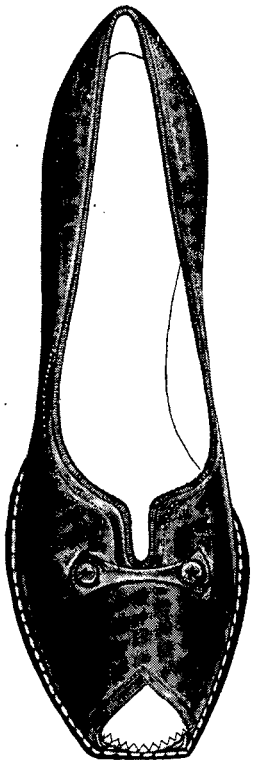

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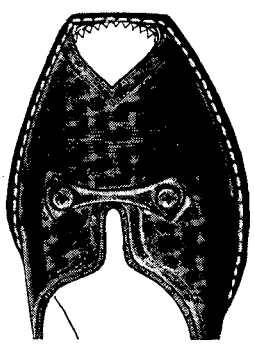

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she could come home if someone would call for her. He said her car was pretty badly smashed. My father's face, when he hung up, was pale and sweaty-looking. "Why would she go and do a thing like that?" he asked, his voice husky and trembling.

"Is she in a hospital?" I asked. I felt scared.

He nodded. "Why would she go all the way to Poughkeepsie?" he said. "She must have been out of her mind." He had his hand on his forehead, and he shook his head, as though to clear it. "I wasn't that tough on her, was I?"

I didn't answer.

"I guess the Thompsons will let us take their car," my father said. He dialled their number. "Don't worry," he said to me. "She'll be all right. We'll go get her and bring her home."

"She didn't know anybody in Poughkeepsie," I said.

"That's right," my father said. "She doesn't know a soul up that way."

—Hollis Alpert

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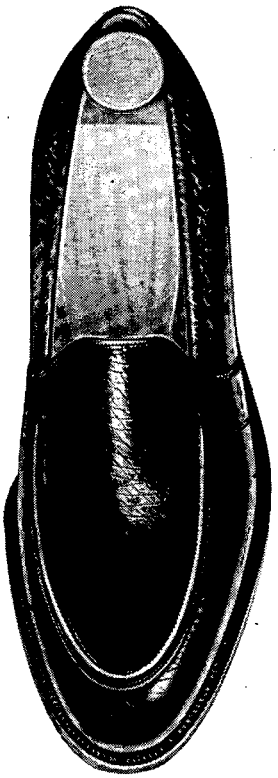
Gleefully down Trafalgar Square.

—R. P. Lister

•

Hellie and I agree on one thing—that we should not entirely avoid the popular places. After all, when in Rome, why pass up the Colosseum? I think every American should visit Plymouth Rock and in Boston, of course, we want to see the North Church, Concord Bridge, and the old doorways on Benevolent Street. If it isn't too far to Salem—actually how far is it?—we'd like to drop in on the House of Seven Gables because Hellie is a real Emerson fan. Darn it, I wish I had more time to read.—*Promotion pamphlet from Harper's Magazine.*

Take time.



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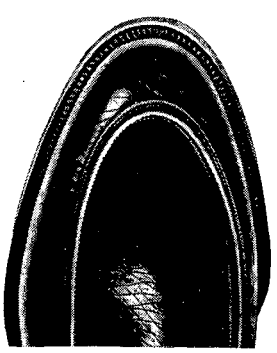

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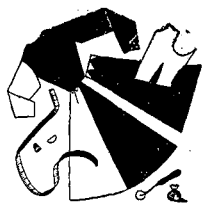
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS



AH, La Mode! She is unpredictable coquette, as always! Last week, I was deep in the new devotion to hats that have a slapdash cap or beret air, usually with neither veil nor pin to dress them up, and often in just one solid color. But already, just one week later, it turns out that this season you are supposed to clutter up any such dangerous simplicity with gewgaws around the neck that suggest gypsy fortune-tellers or Oriental potentates. To make matters even worse, many of the fall hats are so brilliant in color and so formal in design that anything worn below them more ostentatious than a basic black dress with a simple strand of pearls at the throat would be overdoing things. I'm not talking now about the formalized little Egyptian caps and some sharp Cleopatra flares behind the ears (we went through all that a week ago) but about Eastern influence in general—soft, elaborate turbans, fez shapes, and the like.

Lilly Daché acquired her slice of fame because of her knack for the turban, and she is still practically headmistress of that particular school. Even when she goes in for handkerchief hats, the turban look remains; a Daché hat of cerise velours has a poke-bonnet peak in front, but there is turban drapery in back just the same, going into a knot at the nape of the neck. Most of her turbans, though, are out-and-out ones. For instance, some of violet wool angora jersey have a round-headed look, and are made with snood backs, so that growing hair can be tucked in. There is a deep snood back on one of gold jersey that comes forward and upward to cup the ears and then ties in a knot high in front; handkerchief folds flare out at the sides of this one. Several turbans are constructed with cap bases; one of these, made of tangerine velours, wraps into crossing swallowtails beside an ear. A back-to-front turban of tobacco jersey and black melusine uses the melusine over the forehead, nice and smooth, and the jersey to cup the hair deep behind; worn backside to, this becomes a draped cap, wide above the ears. The Daché color combinations need no gewgaw improvements; consider, if you will, a melding of grape broadcloth, sapphire angora jersey, and purple velvet to make a profile turban rising high at one side. The three fabrics are worked into Vs on the downside of this. And then consider an Oriental turban—to be worn straight on the head, just above the hairline—of green brushed wool with crisscross drapery of henna, gold, and a lighter green chiffon wrapped around the brim. Its cone crown tilts backward. Among the most fetching evening caps is (1) a pillbox with a spray of porcelain flowers shooting up on one side, harem style, and (2) a turban of pink chiffon, to sit high and straight on the pate, with twisted drapery that goes wide at the sides. Daché is currently tearing her building to pieces to make room for new cosmetic departments, but her elevator still marches to the salon, where custom hatmaking proceeds as usual.

LADDIE NORTHRIDGE must have done research in a storybook called "Scheherazade and Her Thousand and One Turbans," for turbans are all over his place. He has committed some noble ones, mainly in various shades of velours and silky melusine, pieced together and intricately draped into dashing profile hats. All of them hug the head. One begins with black velours next to the face and switches to charcoal, then light gray toward the back; the hat comes forward in a point over one temple and ends in a graphite-and-rhinestone ornament. Another is beret drapery on one side, in a combination of soft green and amber; the opposite side is black. Black is often mingled with a warm coffee color that Northridge calls Capricorn. He uses the two hues in, for

"What could you suggest for a smashed fender?"

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example, a twisted concoction of rabbit's-hair jersey ending up in a black fringe of soutache and gold balls below one ear.

His evening turbans are—well, breathtaking. Like Daché, he shows many with cone-shaped crowns and a bottom edge that is all twisted drapery coming down on the ears and just clearing the hairline over the forehead. One is of black velvet, with ribbed gold lamé at the edge of the brim and a black egret-style fancy shooting up in front; cocoa metallic mesh is edged with beaded turquoise velvet and white satin to make another; a third has bands of antique brocaded ribbon, pale-gold lace, and velvet ball fringe, ranging from olive green to gold, all on a net base. (Rows and rows of this kind of stuff are sewed on a stole and a cocktail skirt to match.) A profile hat of white duvetyn has a top of *tête-de-nègre* satin, and the reversible stole that matches it is decorated with sprawls of brown braid. In fact, Northridge will make up stoles to match any hat in his collection. This year they are three to four yards long and a yard wide, so they can wrap as lavishly as saris.

A NOTICEABLE preoccupation at John-Frederics, now moved to 711 Fifth Avenue (55th), is the pillbox toque, sometimes three and a half inches deep, worn straight on the head. One version, of black velvet, with a face veil, strongly suggests a fez, despite the little tabs jutting out in back. Another, a sort of overturned flowerpot, is rows and rows of pink grosgrain ribbon, and there is no real break between crown and brim. Square-crown types, too, slope into their brims without a break, but they're mounted on platforms, so the wearer will at least have a chance to look out at the big world beyond. Mr. Fred calls these crown-to-brim-without-interruption shapes Landslide cloches. Also, the narrow, extra-deep cloche of the twenties rides again, not only here but elsewhere. He has been a dogged promoter of this particular shape for many seasons, though. Observe one in horizontal, inch-wide stripes of taupe beaver felt, the stripes alternately fuzzy and smooth, to be worn pulled down to the ears; a second, of black soleil with satin binding, has a brim that turns back sharply in front. Another preoccupation is floppy, casual hats in pheasant hues, but Mr. Fred also demonstrates that he can, when he wants, make bandanna turbans with the best of them—things like combinations of

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satin and velvet in, say, several olive greens, draped around the head and knotted over one ear, as is the vogue in pirate circles. There are berets falling to one side above a band edge (which can just as well be mink), and dozens of pillboxes, one of a gray raindrop velvet, dotted with lighter spots to suggest the result of a sudden shower. And prominent among the bejewelled fripperies for evening are baby caps of pastel satins or of veiling covered with rhinestones, all of them clamped in place by a separate bicycle clip of white ermine or mink worn at whatever angle suits the mood of the moment.

MR. ARNOLD, of 19 West 57th Street, is rather a newcomer among the custom milliners, but you'd never guess it. His contribution to the roll-up-and-toss-into-a-bag scheme of things is a group of what he calls Softies, which are made up of pieced-together triangles of velvet in a variety of combinations—pink, orange, and red, to name one. They appear in various unreinforced forms, such as a deep cap with the brim rolled back in front and casual string ties at the rear. For evening, he does what are really wigs—feather pads that are the opposite of informal but fold just as easily as the Softies. They're mounted on jersey bathing-cap shapes and look exactly like shaggy hairdos. One is nothing but white feathers, another is nothing but black feathers, another is pheasant feathers dyed the most brilliant sapphires, reds, and greens. Some of his evening adaptations of bathing caps, though, are just elaborately beaded and sequinned jersey. They can be worn so that they show as much of the coiffure as the owner chooses.

ROBERT DUDLEY has spots, or anyway dots, before his eyes these days. A wonderful deep thimble cloche of pink velours is edged with grosgrain-bound scrolls that look like a frieze of formalized whitecaps. A dot of a darker pink marks the crest of each comber. A leaf-and-flower embroidery makes dots all over the navy velvet of a Spanish kind of beret that is worn straight on the head and goes out into curved points at the sides. Admirers of pillboxes will find that Dudley is a firm friend in a season that is faintly hostile to them. His Victorian pillbox toques of black velvet are embroidered in a contrasting color. One has a point of the velvet towering up from low on one side, with a sort of cottontail pompon on the tip of it; a black velours pillbox (with a forward look viewed in profile) has an edge that is a series of points like this: VVV—trimmed with red grosgrain. But the most fun is a big hat of tangerine velours with a floppy brim. A black velvet cord encircles its low crown, and above this the crown breaks into court-jester points all around, with a black velvet ball hanging from each point.

THE 1954 versions of the tomboy hairdo and the upsurge of expensively casual berets and other headgear are, as I've been saying, not enough to satisfy every woman. Gamine women are magpies—they like nonchalance, but they also like glitter. So, as in the days of Chanel, when women wore uniforms of beige or black jersey and standardized cloches, there are bright, shiny, vulgar beads in quantity. Once you desert that sedate single strand of white pearls, gearls, you have to really load the stuff on; there seems to be absolutely no middle course. Care, however, is needed when women get to experimenting with colored bijoux. Lord & Taylor have worked out some satisfactory combinations with the Vogue Jewelry Company. Round or carved beads in a tremendous range of cloudy, clear, and dull colors are strung together in sixty-inch strands. Combining six of these necklaces would make any color scheme possible, but three is a good, workable minimum. A single strand can romp through peacock purples and blues and odd greens to turquoise, or from pale pinks through reds to mauves, or from topaz into reds and oranges, and so on. Strands in neutral colors—black charcoal beads, shimmery coppery ones, gray and white baroque pearls—are truly something, too. When the beads have a mat finish, it is almost certain that baroque pearls or rhinestone-studded beads will be inserted at intervals to give them a lift. The range is from $8.80 to $27.50, tax included.

Trifari has gone in for ninety-inch ropes that are more conservative in color (and that go with everything), such as small silvered or gilt chains with three big stones at wide intervals—two gunmetal baroque pearls and one white one, for instance, or one pearl and two gold hunks carved until they look like sealing wax. Crystal and jet make stunning combinations, too. To wear with tweeds, there are ropes of small faceted beads in muted peacock colors—purples, blues, and greens—and necklaces of oval slabs the color of mink and rather resembling redwood. Dangling chunks of beads to

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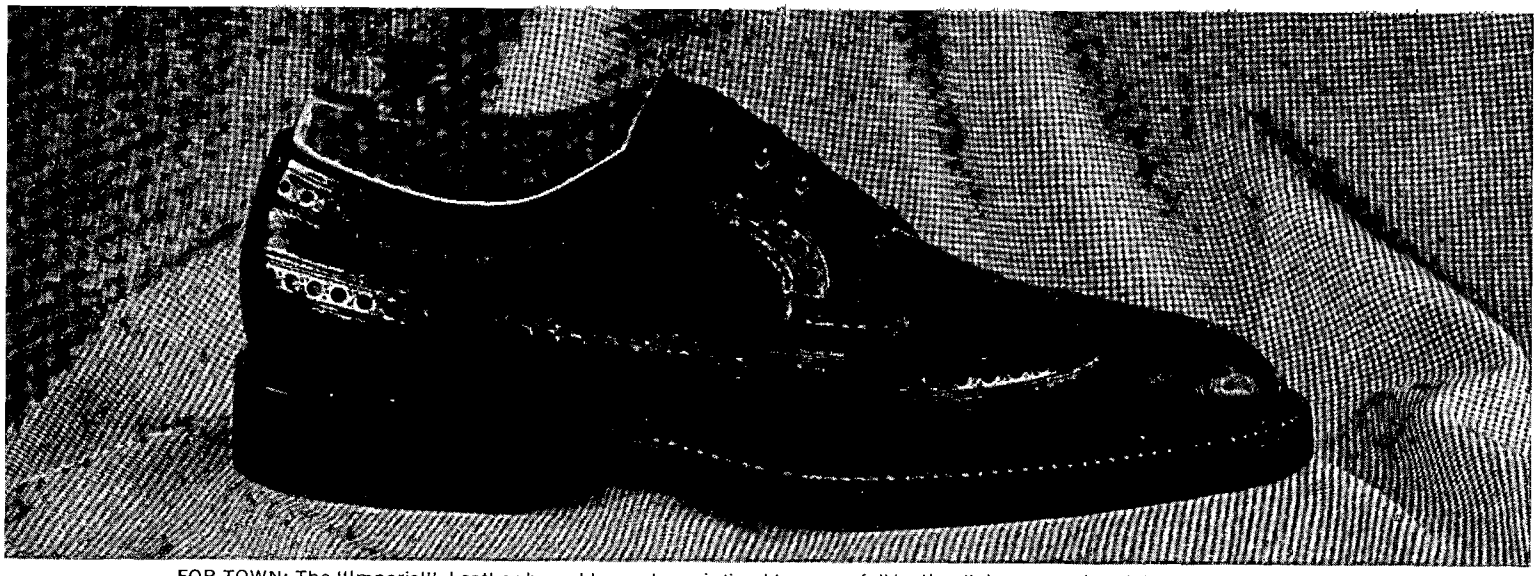
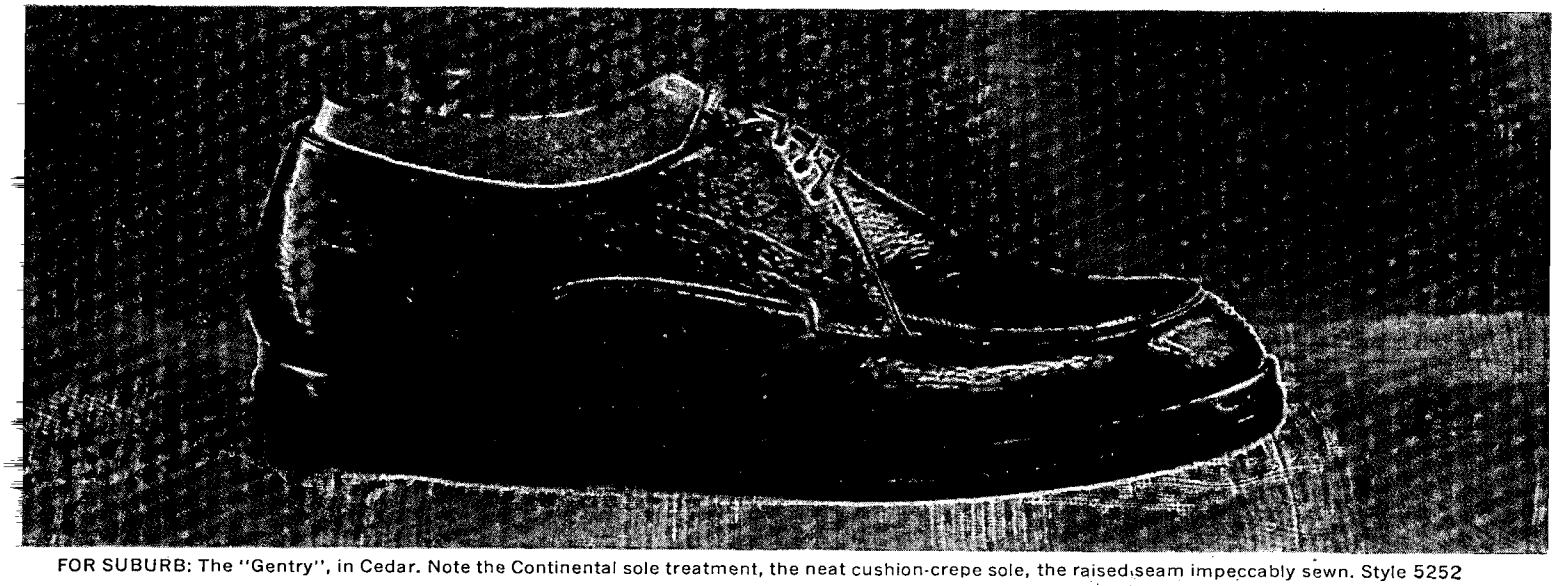


FOR TOWN: The "Imperial". Leather-bound tops, chamois lined tongues, full leather lining, spread eyelets, custom edge trim. Style 6183



FOR SUBURB: The "Gentry", in Cedar. Note the Continental sole treatment, the neat cushion-crepe sole, the raised seam impeccably sewn. Style 5252

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match, some a good inch and a half across, make spectacular but heavy earrings. (How long, oh lobe, how long?) Trifari does beautiful bibs. An exceptional one is strands of baroque pearls descending into a V in front and in back (the longest strand drops three and a half inches); there are two strands across one side of the neck, and the clasp is on the other. These are at Bergdorf Goodman and Saks Fifth Avenue, among other shops.

Anyone who feels that she'll be bowed down by all this weight (anyway, just as she's getting used to it, it'll be time to tuck the baubles away for twenty-five years, until Chanel makes another comeback) might ponder the handiwork of a chipper young firm called Geomet, which has sprung to the rescue with really barbaric and colorful chokers, collars, bracelets, and earrings made out of aluminum doodads from the functional world that weigh nothing despite their bulk. All kinds of washers and nuts, half an inch or more across, have been strung together in snake formation, to encircle throat and wrist, and dyed by an electrolytic process until they have assumed a pretty, iridescent color. Slender cotter pins or pipe filters, similarly colored, make small, flat collars an inch or so deep. Saks and Bergdorf Goodman have them.

THERE is a school of thought that deems the face beneath the hat and above the beads fairly important and disapproves of drawing attention away from it. The cosmetic people have been goading their chemists into harnessing science to the effort to make Madame outshine her headgear. I was brought up to believe that things that are good for you *in*side are also good for you *out*side (yeastcake or oatmeal for a facial pack, beefsteak for a black eye), and now science is proceeding on this assumption. Estée Lauder puts eggs in her Estoderme Youth-Dew facial cream, Helena Rubinstein's Skin Serum involves some mysterious substance (animal rather than vegetable or mineral), and Marie Earle uses the glandular secretions of worker bees. These are the diet of queen bees, those most rapacious of all matriarchs, and supposedly endow them with all that long life and formidable vitality. The result is a night cream that, applied sparingly to a clean skin, gives it a dewier look next morning. It is in short supply so far, and a small jar costs $16.50, including tax. Queen Bee Cream is the name. Then there's Germaine Monteil's Superglow face powder, which imparts a luminous look to

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the skin. A new teammate (due on the stands September 13th) is Monteil's Superglow Fluid Makeup, a skin emollient that contains Vitamin A and a chemical ingredient that helps eliminate shadows. This ability to disperse shadows is fortunate, for though both the powder and fluid come in warm shades, they also appear in pale ones that tend to emphasize lines in the face. Fluid Makeup seems to give freshness and moistness to dry skin (a dehydrated look is no longer correct; it ages a girl), and it manages to give a sort of radiance besides.

Well, there's just no pleasing everyone. Women are expected to look vital and fresh all the time. But the new Cleopatra coifs go hand in hand (or should it be cheek in cheek?) with heavy eyeshadow. And there are pale or mauve powders, to say nothing of pale-unto-death lipsticks, which make women look unbelievably fragile, if not actually ailing, at night. The Italian influence is being blamed for this, but it's really just those early twenties again, when girls wore chalk-white or mauve powder to proms and practically no lipstick at all, or maybe a touch of Roger & Gallet's daringly pink lip pomade. I do hope no one will have to go through *that* again. —Lois Long

•

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The royal hands that tied
These bells about your throat
And stroked your supple side
Are dust, their spirit's boat

Has beached on other sands
Where your small ghost has gone.
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And all that colored court,
The gorgeous to-and-fro
Through which you softly went,
Seems like legend now,

A world too strange to sense—
Yet a thin jingle tells
That you walked softly once
To little bells.

—Leah Bodine Drake

•

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THE RACE TRACK

Up and Coming

AFTER Saratoga, it is customary to survey the season at the Spa and make personal remarks. Well, nobody can deny that the meeting was just about as popular as ever, or that the racing, except in perhaps a dozen cases, was a little less than distinguished. It wasn't that there were so few good races but that there were so few good horses to run in them. However, there was one colt everybody could, and did, cheer about—the Belair Stud's Nashua, who won the Hopeful Stakes last weekend. Indeed, it's pretty generally agreed that he's the best of the two-year-olds. Though he didn't win the Hopeful as easily as he won the Grand Union Hotel Stakes the previous Saturday (in the Hopeful he was under the whip coming down the stretch), it was a performance worth remembering. Taking the lead at the start, he outfooted Commonwealth, one of the faster young racers, for more than half a mile, then stood off Pyrenees and Summer Tan in the stretch. That was a real test of quality. His time for the six and a half furlongs was 1:17⅘, which, as I'm sure has been pointed out, was a full second faster than Native Dancer's time when he won the Hopeful. The reason for this, obviously, is that Nashua went at top speed in the early stages, whereas Native Dancer merely galloped along, smothering his rather moderate opposition. For the record, it was Nashua's fourth victory in five starts (in the Cherry Hill Stakes at Garden State Park last May, he swerved and changed his stride in the final furlong, and Royal Note beat him by a neck), and he has earned $93,350 in prize money, $57,050 of it in the Hopeful. He's a big bay colt, with the lines of a stayer and the air of a champion; for looks I'd match him against anything his age. Summer Tan made a good try, finishing second, but Pyrenees, who was third, didn't run as well as he did in the Special or the Grand Union; he isn't the sort that can stand very many hard races close together.

As you are probably aware, Nashua is trained by Jim Fitzsimmons, who, at eighty, is having an extraordinary season; it may turn out to be his best. The day before the Hopeful—the first he's ever won, by the way—he saddled Ogden Phipps' Great Captain for the Saratoga Cup, and that animal obligingly led from start to finish of the mile and three-quarters. But saddling Saratoga Cup winners is no novelty for Mr. Fitz; Great Captain was his tenth. He began with Star Gaze, forty years ago, and since then he's won it with Diavolo, Gallant Fox, Dark Secret, and Granville, and twice each with Isolater and Busanda—all of which, if it isn't a record, ought to be. Speaking of records, I can't recall when a stable picked off more purses in a month at the Spa, or had more disappointments, than C. V. Whitney's this season. Altogether, Mr. Whitney's horses won nineteen races, but they finished second in the Special, the Grand Union, the Whitney Handicap, and the Alabama—all especially cherished prizes. Then, there was Admiral's Pride, who wasn't a Whitney horse but was the long shot of the meeting. He paid a $158.80 mutuel a couple of weeks ago. My wandering outside man reports that a taxi-driver he knows had a fin on the Admiral, and went broke at the trots that night.

MAYBE it was the spirit of the Saratoga sales or maybe it was something she planned a good while ago, but whatever it was, the indomitable Miss Eleonora Sears, who is seventy-three years old and who recently paid $75,000 for a yearling, went into the horse business in a big way last week. She bought four horses—two three-year-olds and two two-year-olds, all of them in training abroad—from the stables of the Aga Khan. The price wasn't announced, but expert guessers say it was well up in six figures. One of the animals—Tarjoman, a full brother of Tulyar, who won the Epsom Derby in 1952—will carry Miss Sears' colors next weekend in the St. Leger Stakes at Doncaster, and after that the four will be shipped from England to California, where they're expected to race next winter. As far as I know, no trainer has been selected, but Colonel Martingale got faint just thinking about handling an expensive lot like that.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

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[*Samuel Butler, quoted by his biographer, Henry Festing Jones, in "Samuel Butler, a Memoir"*]

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BOOKS

VERSE

MISS MARIANNE MOORE'S eight years' labor of translating into English "The Fables of La Fontaine" (Viking) would have gone for nothing if she had succeeded only in giving a fair replica of the French poet's form without being able to catch that most subtle factor in any poet's work—his underlying tone. In general, success in this sort of reproduction depends primarily upon success in recognizing hidden intention as well as open character, and this recognition must be based on a certain sympathy between the translator and his subject. It is clear that any likenesses between two poets, one a modern American and the other a seventeenth-century Frenchman who spent much of his life either close to or within the court of Louis XIV (the twelve books of the "Fables" first appeared between 1668 and 1694), must exist on the deep levels of poetic temperament or on the high levels of technical brilliance. There will be critics who will deny to Miss Moore any success with La Fontaine's limpid and seemingly effortless music, but no one can deny that she shares with the great French fabulist an idiosyncratic view of man and nature, a delicate irony and humor, and, on the technical side, stylistic gifts at once elegant and inexhaustibly fertile. Both poets, moreover, share the desire to break bonds and to express themselves in their own fashion, for it must be remembered that La Fontaine was as much an original in his own day as Miss Moore is in hers.

Miss Moore mentions in her preface the governing principles of style she has adhered to—"the natural order of words, subject, predicate, object; the active voice where possible; a ban on dead words, rhymes synonymous with gusto." These are almost invariably the rules of the best modern poetic procedure, and Miss Moore has been faithful to them. It is with her style that she has captured her subject, but not with her style alone. Her humor resembles La Fontaine's humor in the closest way; both are laconic, insidious, and "dry," and on the ground of intelligence, wit, and taste she and her forerunner meet again. These likenesses overshadow the superficial divergences between the two—the fact that La Fontaine's moral sense is more materialist and pragmatic than Miss Moore's, and that while Miss Moore in her own work observes animals in detail as part of nature, La Fontaine uses them as symbols illustrating the foibles of mankind. But time after time the small, condensed phrase, the releasing epithet that encloses entire a turn of the Frenchman's thought has risen to Miss Moore's mind, and suddenly, in a flash, we get the La Fontainean quality complete. As for music, there is more of it in these versions than would at first appear. The exact transfer of the music of the "Fables" from French into any language, by anyone, is an impossible feat. But there is no doubt that Miss Moore has opened to us the heart and mind of one of the most humane and perceptive poets of all time, a poet who presaged some of mankind's most courageous efforts toward self-understanding, which were to develop in the centuries succeeding his own. Because of Miss Moore's gifts of serious, yet witty, precision, we now have La Fontaine in a modern English idiom, and we may well apply ourselves to the lessons he has to teach.

LÉONIE ADAMS, in her new volume, "Poems: A Selection" (Funk & Wagnalls), has chosen poems from her first two books, long and ununderstandably out of print, and added to them a group of more recent lyrics. Miss Adams, like Miss Moore, has affiliations with poetry of high periods of the past; in her case the tie between Jacobean drama and seventeenth-century English lyricism is close. She has moments of cousinship with Webster and Tourneur, with Vaughan and Traherne, and her later poetry is so charged with meaning that it sometimes slips out of syntax, in the manner of the later Mallarmé. She expresses a few major themes, of which the entrapment of the spirit in the flesh and the shadow cast by eternity upon time are two. She interprets nature more than man; her emotions are meshed into the turn of earthly seasons, but the light of the universal constantly sheds across her landscapes a strange and phantasmal gleam. The large and

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crucial divisions of time as we know it are her constant subjects; in "Winter Solstice" and "Light at Equinox" she brings to their evocation extraordinary powers of description. An essential gravity and nobility of thought and feeling run through her work without a break; she is everywhere committed to the difficult task of outwitting conscious powers in order that subconscious ones may operate as pervasively as possible. The reader is made aware that Miss Adams' "difficulty" depends not upon any surface play with words but upon the tension and complication of her initial poetic impulse. Poems such as "Companions of the Morass," "For Harvest," "Grapes Making," and "The Runner with the Lots" spring from and are indications of a poetic endowment as deep as it is rare.

—Louise Bogan

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

The Toll-Gate, by Georgette Heyer (Putnam). A rather mechanical but cheerful extravaganza about an aristocratic young veteran of Waterloo who disguises himself as a gatekeeper in order to protect a squire's granddaughter from an assortment of rogues. Miss Heyer is a witty writer and an expert at this kind of story, and the reader can just skip over the chunks of period slang she has forced into the dialogue and not miss a thing.

The Dream and the Desert, by Uys Krige (Houghton Mifflin). Eight short stories and a one-act play by a South African, a former war correspondent. In a couple of the pieces, Mr. Krige shows a weakness for the scuffed legend, but when he does his own inventing or relies on observation and, possibly, memory, he can make the people he writes about—a boy in Stellenbosch, preoccupied with Rugby, the idea of death, and his bicycle; a war prisoner, simply unable to shoot a dying Zulu who begs to be killed; an old farmer on the veldt who, time after time, gives away his own coffin as his neighbors die before he does—believable and appealing, and their backgrounds (and even their virtues) interesting.

GENERAL

American Thought, by Morris R. Cohen (Free Press). The distinguished philosopher put in twenty years on this ambitious critical history of American thinking in all fields, but

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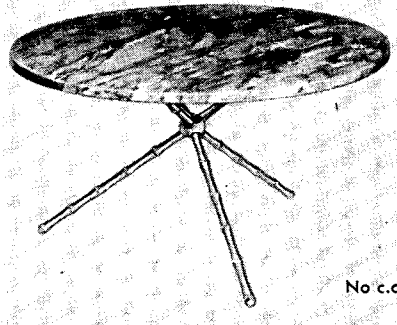

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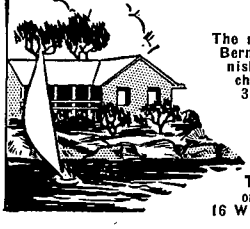

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it was still unfinished when he died in 1947, and his son, Felix S. Cohen, assembled it for publication before his own death last year. Even now the work is scrappy and incomplete—parts of it are obviously raw lecture notes—and it not only neglects psychology and sociology entirely but skimps woefully on literature and art. The writing, however, is often spirited, wise, and incandescently clear. What Professor Cohen was unable to finish, few other philosophers could have begun.

INDIVIDUALISM RECONSIDERED, by David Riesman (Free Press). In this collection of lectures and essays, the author of "The Lonely Crowd" has a great deal to say on a wide variety of topics. Much of it, unfortunately, suffers from the terrible jargon of modern sociology, and some of it, written under the benign influence of Erich Fromm, is too smugly inspirational. The author has inexplicably refused to discard, or even revise, his three essays criticizing Freud, first published in *Psychiatry* in 1950, which have been rendered largely obsolete by the publication of Ernest Jones' biography and of Freud's letters to Wilhelm Fliess. (He does note that he is aware of this new information.) A funny political fantasy called "The Nylon War" suggests that Professor Riesman is at his best when he does not take himself too seriously.

MOUNTAINS IN THE DESERT, by Louis Carl and Joseph Petit (Doubleday). A most attractive account of an expedition on camelback to the Tefedest Mountains of the central Sahara in search of some prehistoric rock paintings. By a stroke of luck, the authors, two young French archeologists, found the one man still living who could direct them to the site. This rupestrian art, which is of mysterious origin and said to be very beautiful, was an important find, and it will doubtless be the subject of a scientific treatise, suitably illustrated (the party included a painter and a photographer), but the object of the present book is merely to describe the mishaps, hardships, and comedies of the journey. This the authors do in fine style and with high enthusiasm. Photographs and maps.

WHERE LAND MEETS SEA, by Clare Leighton (Rinehart). A ruminative and individualistic book about Cape Cod, where the author, a transplanted Englishwoman, has lived off and on for the past ten years. She is concerned with such things as lighthouses, cranberry bogs, and storms, and she writes without any of the specialized snobbery of the literary Cape Codder, except, perhaps, for the usual hostility to summer people. The book is full of sharp observations, and there is an excellent chapter on surf-casting and the strange and driven fanatics who spend three hundred dollars for equipment to land perhaps two or three fish that aren't worth eating. Illustrated—or, rather, decorated—with Miss Leighton's woodcuts and engravings, which are good in their way, though the mediums are somewhat sterile.

MAN AGAINST NATURE, edited by Charles Neider (Harper). Courage, perhaps the greatest and most admired human virtue, is the theme of this remarkable collection of first-hand accounts of man's audacity and endurance on land and sea and in the air. Here, from forty-six contributors, most of whom faced incredible dangers and came through with fortitude and with their wits about them, are stories of earthquakes, floods, fires, volcanoes in eruption, tornadoes, tidal waves, and other ordeals. Daring and foolhardy as some of the writers have been, they all attest to the human thirst for knowledge, adventure, and danger. There are pieces by William Beebe, Richard E. Byrd, Richard Henry Dana, Sir Edmund Hillary, Charles A. Lindbergh, Robert E. Peary, Robert Falcon Scott, and Orville Wright, as well as such older classics as Boccaccio's description of the plague, Samuel Chase's account of the great Lisbon earthquake, and Pliny the Younger's report on the eruption of Vesuvius.

THE PAINTED MEN, by T. C. Lethbridge (Philosophical Library). This is a cranky and characteristically British book about the Picts—"these painted rascals," the author calls them—by an amateur archeologist and antiquarian. The Picts are hardly mentioned until quite a long way on, but Mr. Lethbridge keeps things lively in the meantime with fulminations against the Roman Empire, an account of a tour of the Scottish coast in a small sailboat, warnings to the Germans to stop underrating the descendants of the Picts, and expressions of contempt for modern archeology, which foolishly (to him) prefers its musty chronologies and stratigraphies to such questions as

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"Why in such-and-such a place was the skeleton of a female dwarf found in a well beneath those of nine horses?" Not a very substantial slice of beef, perhaps, but it has a very piquant sauce. Maps and photographs.

MUSSOLINI: THE INTIMATE LIFE OF A DEMAGOGUE, by Paolo Monelli (Vanguard). A biography by an Italian journalist who draws his portrait of the Duce by assembling a myriad of little facts into something of a mosaic. Mussolini's is a well-documented life, but most of the documents—his own autobiographies, the writings of his sycophants and his enemies—are suspect, and Mr. Monelli, who has sifted this data and has talked to many people in Italy who were close to the dictator at one time or another, helps clear the air of partisanship. The adjective "intimate" in the book's subtitle is fully justified by descriptions of his diseases, vanities, petty jealousies, and revenges, and of how and to whom he made love. Though the world events in which Mussolini was involved take place offstage, the author has provided a brief historical background at the beginning of each chapter. The passage about the Duce's last days and the night before his execution, which he spent with Claretta Petacci in the bedroom of a peasant's house, contains writing of a high order. Photographs.

THE GOLDEN HONEYCOMB, by Vincent Cronin (Dutton). This first book by the thirty-year-old son of A. J. Cronin is a wonderful and loony guide to the antiquities of Sicily. The author's quest for the golden honeycomb that the mythical artificer Daedalus is supposed to have made for the Temple of Aphrodite at Eryx, the modern Erice, leads him obsessively through Sicilian history, art, architecture, custom, and topography. Mr. Cronin is a real writer, with style, imagination, and an authentic, if rather muddled, feeling for Greek myth and history, and if he doesn't burn himself out looking for the keel of Noah's ark, we can expect important books from him.

THE NEXT FIFTY YEARS OF FLIGHT, by Bernt Balchen and Erik Bergaust (Harper). Colonel Balchen is a pioneer in arctic aviation and Mr. Bergaust is the aeronautics correspondent of the Norwegian newspaper *Aftenposten*, and since both men profess to be conservative, their predictions are arresting. Within the next

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fifty years, they say, American scientists will land on the moon, New York-to-Tokyo flights will take no more than two hours, and a space ship will land on Mars. The problems posed by high speeds and high altitudes are discussed in about as much technical detail as the general reader can handle, but the authors are considerate enough to explain what they mean when they talk about turboprops, turbojets, ram jets, and so on. Photographs and drawings, and a foreword by General James H. Doolittle, who doesn't seem particularly surprised at the predictions.

HENRI POINCARÉ: CRITIC OF CRISIS, by Tobias Dantzig (Scribner). This is the oddest book to date in the Twentieth Century Library, which is supposed to be dedicated to the lives and thoughts of the leading minds of the last hundred years. Dr. Dantzig, a mathematician who studied under Poincaré in Paris, has produced what is largely a brilliant historical essay on the overthrow of the Newtonian universe by modern physical theory. He occasionally starts from one of Poincaré's ideas, and he has provided a few shards of biography, such as the fact that Henri Poincaré was a first cousin of President Raymond Poincaré, along with a half page headed "Life and Work," but Einstein and his followers figure far more prominently than their precursor, the man in the title. A difficult and very rewarding volume, badly misnamed.

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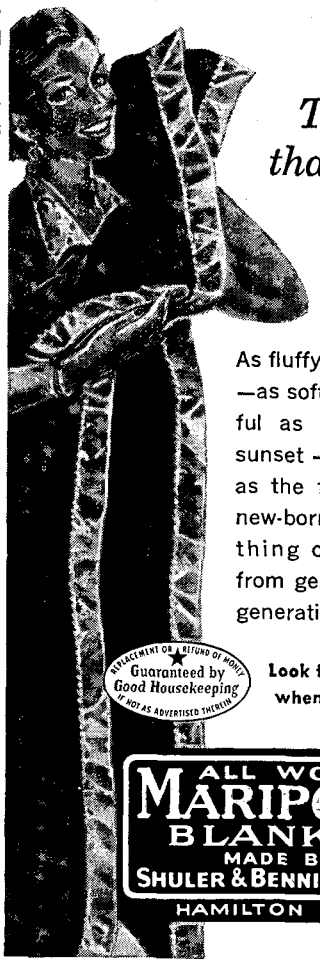

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